

THE MONTH

A CATHOLIC MAGAZINE



NO. 554 (NEW SERIES 164) AUG., 1910

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"The Life of Cardinal Vaughan."

II.

CARDINAL MANNING died on January 14, 1892. Bishop Herbert Vaughan was with him in his last hours. "It has been a great consolation to me," he wrote to the present Bishop of Salford, "to help my old friend of forty-one years to die. From 4 a.m. to 7.30 the time was spent in ejaculatory prayers." It had been a bitter distress to the older man that the younger should have felt constrained to differ from him over some of his most cherished ideas, still, could the older man have had the selection of his successor, it was not doubtful that he would have selected the younger. Indeed, Bishop Vaughan was the obvious man for the post, as things then were, and the Chapter of Westminster, with the approval of the Bishops of the Province, placed his name at the head of the *terna* they sent up to Rome. Meanwhile, he himself, after seeking to pass a calm and impartial judgment on his personal qualifications for the office, took an adverse view, and decided that no time should be lost in submitting his remonstrances to the Holy See.

A person [he wrote to Leo XIII.] may succeed in the subordinate position of a Bishop in a provincial city such as Manchester, and yet be very unfit to be Metropolitan and fill the See of Westminster. The duties are altogether of a different order, and they require altogether different qualifications. I do not possess these higher qualifications, and feeling convinced of this I should be risking my own peace of mind and the salvation of my soul were I not, upon the first opportunity, to press this consideration upon the mind of your Holiness. The See of Westminster ought to be occupied by a Bishop distinguished for some gift of superior learning or remarkable sanctity, for he ought to be commended to the Church and to the people of England (for whose conversion he may be able to do more than any one else) by some manifest superiority or excellence. Holy Father, it is no mock modesty or fashion of speech which makes the confession that I have no qualification of learning for such a post. I do not excel as a preacher, an author, a theologian, a philosopher, or even as a classical

scholar. Whatever I may be in these matters, in none am I above a poor mediocrity. It will be very easy in such a position as the See of Westminster to compromise the interests of religion in England by errors of judgment—and the very quality of a certain tenacity and determination would make these errors still more serious. As to the other characteristic, sanctity of life, which often makes up for intellectual shortcomings, I will only say this, that no one will have been so blind as to have said that I possess this compensating degree of holiness.

That these words were truly the expression of no "mock modesty," but of the genuine feelings of a really humble man, can be doubted by none who knew Herbert Vaughan intimately, or have pondered over the disclosures from his private diaries in this biography. Still, when the Holy See ratified the choice of the Chapter and the Bishops, he illustrated another side of his character by the firm trust in Divine aid which made him enter on his onerous office with a calm and easy confidence.

In such matters as the nomination to a share in the Apostolate God makes known His Divine will through the appointed channel of His Church. When the discipline and law of the Church have been faithfully served; when the clergy of the diocese and the Virgins consecrated to God, and the whole Catholic flock have persevered in prayer; and finally, when the Vicar of Jesus Christ has deliberately made up his mind and declared that the lot has fallen on such an one—we may then believe with confidence that the great Prince of Shepherds has Himself made known His choice and His will. The feeble instrument thus elected becomes at once clothed with an official character, and his personality becomes merged and lost in his representative position. He becomes strong because his feet are planted upon a divine foundation, because his back is placed against the impregnable Rock. His course is made clear to him because he is under the patronage of Peter, the Fisherman of the world. As to what seas he shall traverse, and with what winds and weather, that is the affair of God. God will use him as an instrument according to His will, if only he be not unfaithful.

These two passages deserve to be brought together as evidencing how fully Herbert Vaughan had grasped the truth first enunciated by St. Paul, that strength must be perfected out of weakness in the leaders of Christ's people; or, to put it otherwise, how fully he had inherited that double spirit of self-distrust and trust in God which has enabled those leaders, from the Apostles downwards, to accomplish the stupendous

marvel of the Church's planting, growth, progress, and tenacity of life, in defiance of the ordinary laws of human caducity.

His appointment to the Archbishopric was signified to him at the end of March, but he did not transfer his residence to Westminster till May. The interval was of course employed in winding up his affairs at Salford and taking leave, but during it he was also busy in forming his plans for the future, and the boldness with which he conceived them affords us a further commentary on his words which we have just quoted. On this point Mr. Snead-Cox—who, it must be remembered, was his cousin—gives the following interesting account of a conversation he had with the new Archbishop, who had telegraphed to him to be at King's Cross on the day of his arrival in London. It was in the early afternoon, and not being expected at Archbishop's House till later, he invited his cousin to have a chat with him. After giving his luggage to the porter, he led the way to the broad drive in front of the Midland Station Hotel, where they walked up and down together for the best of two hours.

The whole time he talked eagerly and earnestly, pouring out his hopes and plans and fears. They were all based on the assumption that he might live for perhaps another ten years. He felt that was an outside estimate, and that the term of his active life would probably be shorter. But whether it were longer or shorter he meant that it should be filled with service. He was so full of his subject, had all the work he meant to do, and did do, so clearly mapped out, he seemed to take such a pleasure in building up his own project into words, that I was able for the most part to be a listener. I have often wondered since at the method and perseverance with which the words of that afternoon were redeemed in the years that followed. His scheme for a Central Seminary, his plans for bringing clergy and laity together, the Catholic Social Union, the Society of the Ladies of Charity, and, above all, Westminster Cathedral, were all put forward as so many things to be accomplished. When he told me he meant to build a great Cathedral I received the news in a silence of dismay. People are always so quick to say, "*Ut quid perditio hæc?*" when money is lavished on bricks and mortar, and I thought the task of collecting the money hopelessly beyond his strength. He admitted the difficulty of doing the thing, but preferred to dwell upon the importance of getting it done. He was sure that the revival of the Catholic Church in England had reached a point in its development when the restoration of the life of the Cathedral was a necessity. And he looked to a Cathedral not only as necessary for the perfection of the liturgy and worship of the Church, but also as the centre of all Catholic life and

activity. He had no money for building a Cathedral, but was confident that the Catholics of England would come to his help if only the right appeal were made to their hearts.

Thus prepared he entered upon his Westminster life, nor was it long before he began to give evidence of the enormous vitality that was to ensure success to so many bold undertakings. The first instance of this was the impressive function at the Oratory on August 16, 1892, which he arranged to give solemnity to his reception of the pallium. It is more usual for new Archbishops to go themselves to Rome to obtain from the Pope's own hands and bring back with them these insignia of their archiepiscopal jurisdiction. This had been the course followed by the first two Archbishops of Westminster, as by the great majority of their predecessors at Canterbury and York before the Reformation. But there were precedents for the opposite course, and Archbishop Vaughan, relying on these, asked Pope Leo to let his pallium be brought over by a special envoy. His object was to draw public attention to the ceremony as symbolizing the unity of the Church round its centre at Rome, as well as to the antiquity and unbroken continuity of its use in Catholic England. For the pallium symbolizes, as the words of investiture with which it is given declare, that the power of jurisdiction over Bishops,—which is what moulds them into an organized unity throughout the world—is, as an inherent right of his see, the exclusive prerogative of the Bishop of Rome; and that, if the Bishops of certain other sees have a limited but recognized jurisdiction over their suffragans, it is only because they have received a partial derivation of authority from the plenitude of that Apostolic prerogative. And this pallium was sought and received, with acknowledgment that this was its meaning and import, by every English Catholic Archbishop from St. Augustine downwards. To Abbot Gasquet, O.S.B., whose words are given in the biography, was entrusted the task of bringing out these theological and historical facts; and there can be no doubt that the effect was to familiarize many Englishmen with an aspect of the continuity question they had previously overlooked.

As this ceremony of receiving the pallium was the first of a series of remarkable functions which formed a distinctive feature in Herbert Vaughan's administration of the metropolitan see—functions in presiding over which, especially after he had been made a Cardinal, he presented a very striking appear-

ance—this is a suitable place for a remark on the motives which induced him to organize them on so splendid a scale. Englishmen enjoy witnessing displays of this sort, but they are always prone to impute motives of pride and ambition when they see the principal figures in them clothed in gorgeous vestments. That was an impression concerning Cardinal Vaughan which prevailed among outsiders to the Catholic religion, but which has been effectually falsified by the evidence of the private documents published in this biography. He was too sensible a man to care for these outward trappings on their account, and too humble to regard his own relation to them as other than that of a mere lay-figure. But these things have their fitting and useful place in Church as in State life, for they give vivid expression to the important ideas that underlie them, and it was for this that he attached a value to them. He felt, and felt very strongly, that he had a mission to the English people generally, to set the claims of the Catholic Church before them, and to correct the false ideas of its history and doctrines in which they had been brought up. He might or might not succeed by this means in influencing many or few—that concerned their consciences and God's providence. His duty was to bear the witness, and he would bear it as fearlessly and as openly as possible. Others might have hesitated to give such publicity, for instance, to the renovation of the old English vow by which the country was dedicated to our Blessed Lady. It must needs scandalize a people which will never allow itself to see our point about devotion to Mary—why then provoke them? But that way of judging did not appeal to Cardinal Vaughan's mind. For him the intercession of Mary, and the benefits to men that flow from it, was a very real fact indeed, and ought to be emphasized, not hidden—whatever a large section of the people might think or say of it. Indeed, if they were irritated, was that altogether an evil? If what you say or do in setting forth the truth raises an outcry, it shows that your idea has penetrated into many minds, and, this indispensable pre-requisite being attained, it may take root in some minds with the best results. It was thus he would reason, and from the same motives he would defend the over-drastring and perhaps not too felicitous terms he sometimes employed in describing the beliefs or practices of others. The present writer remembers a conversation with his Eminence in which he very decidedly advocated drastic speaking for this reason. Yet no one who

knew him could imagine for a moment that any bitterness of feeling, or even defect of kindliness of feeling, had prompted his language.

Mr. Snead-Cox has allotted special chapters to various measures which he took or promoted in his character as Archbishop—for the Education of the Priest, of the Layman, of the Children of the Poor; for the Reunion of Christendom, for the Rescue Society, for the building of Westminster Cathedral. These did not exhaust his activity, but the omission of similar chapters on his interest in the Catholic Truth Society, the Council of Temporal Administration, the Converts' Aid Society, the Catholic Social Union, the Catholic Evidence Lectures, the Ladies of Charity, is excused on the plea that the book is a biography of the Cardinal, and not a history of the diocese. Perhaps a better plea would have been the necessity of keeping the book within reasonable limits, conjoined with the fact that his part in some of these was not so direct. Still, the mention of them was necessary, as showing how many-sided was his solicitude.

Since in this, as in the former article, our chief interest is in the personality of the Cardinal rather than in his works, we must be content to comment on the latter only so far as they throw light on his character, or tend to his vindication. His action in regard to the University question affords an example of this. He had not been long in the See of Westminster when the question of permitting Catholic youths to go to Oxford and Cambridge was revived. Cardinal Manning had, as every one knows, set his face resolutely against the practice, and Bishop Vaughan, as he then was, was deeply committed to the same attitude. Hence it might have been expected that he would show the utmost resistance to those of the laity who, now that Manning was in his grave, made an earnest appeal to their new Archbishop to reconsider the whole question in the light of the favourable reports received from competent and trustworthy witnesses, as to the religious and moral character of those young men who had, in fact, made their studies at one or other of the two Universities. But from his letter to Leo XIII. deprecating his translation to the more exalted see, we have seen how anxious he was lest a "certain tenacity and determination of which he was conscious should render still more serious the errors of judgment in matters of grave import to the Church to which he is liable." The result was to make him

unusually ready to go back on past measures as soon as he was convinced that this was needed.

And yet [says his biographer] when Cardinal Vaughan came to face the problem as Metropolitan he approached it without prejudice. No man was ever less hampered by his own past. He had given himself so utterly to the cause he served that there was no room for such poor irrelevances as questions of personal consistency. What was best for the spiritual welfare of these youths? Nothing else mattered, and least of all whether this party or that could claim a victory, or this or that prelate must confess that for a quarter of a century he had been fighting the inevitable and committing the Church in England to a policy that was as short-sighted as it was futile.

Accordingly, he reconsidered this University problem with a thoroughly open mind, and then laying his reasons before Leo XIII. obtained his sanction for an arrangement under which Catholic young men have since attended the old English Universities and obtained distinction there, not only without loss of faith, but with great advantage to their faith and zeal, as well as to the formation of their minds.

We are not tied in any way to the order of time, and it will be in place to refer here to another signal instance Cardinal Vaughan gave of his preparedness to retract, when duty required it, with utter disregard for that *amour propre* which strongly influences the majority of public men when similarly situated. Absorbed as he was in the one idea of overcoming the difficulties of transferring what he understood to be the body of St. Edmund the Martyr from Toulouse to his new Cathedral at Westminster, he somewhat precipitately overlooked the need of first inquiring into the genuineness of this famous relic. The secrecy with which, lest opposition to the transfer should be aroused in France, the relics were brought over to this country, prevented the Catholic experts from expressing themselves on the critical question till the fact of the transfer had been publicly announced and gloried over. Then came some letters to the press, and finally one from Sir Ernest Clarke to the *Times*, which made it clear that these relics, as late as the sixteenth century, had been deemed at Toulouse itself to be those not of St. Edmund, the King of East Anglia, but of "St. Aymund, confessor to [some unnamed] King of England"; and clear, also, that the relics of St. Edmund were at Bury up to a date long posterior to that at which the legend declared them to have been stolen from Bury and trans-

ported to France. The publication of this evidence came as a surprise to the Cardinal, who was not, and did not claim to be, capable of an expert judgment. What was he to do? It was suggested to him to appoint a Commission of inquiry, and at first he inclined to take this course.

But when he retired for the night, Herbert Vaughan sat down with Sir Ernest Clarke's letter before him. He was alone with the truth. When he rose from reading it, it was with a new resolve. Was it right to shuffle on to a Commission a responsibility that was his own? Was not the appointment of a Commission a suggestion that he himself was still in doubt? The reasoning in Sir Ernest Clarke's letter seemed irresistible, and the Cardinal accepted it. It was a moment of difficulty. If it had been a question of "saving his own face" there would have been no hesitation; but he had to think of his friends in Toulouse who had given their treasure to him, and he had to think of the authorities in Rome. He thought of it all, long and anxiously, but when the dawn came it found him with his mind made up. He would not pretend that he was waiting for the verdict of a Commission when he knew already. He was satisfied that the bones were not the bones of an English martyr, and he would say so.

And this is what he did say at the Newcastle Conference, thereby giving not unnatural offence to the Toulouse people, but earning the respect of all lovers of truth.

In the light of the subsequent history of the Elementary Schools' question Cardinal Vaughan has often been blamed for the course he took in pressing for rate-aid to Voluntary Schools. He was warned at the time—for instance, by the Catholic Chief Inspector, Mr. Scott Nasmyth Stokes, in a letter given by Mr. Snead-Cox—that, if once rate-aid was accepted, the inevitable consequence must be that the owners of Voluntary Schools would lose the right to control the religious teaching given, which was the very object for which they were built. Yet he had disregarded the warning, and taken a prominent part in shaping the system introduced by the Act of 1902. Do not our present troubles and our anxieties for the future show how well-founded was the warning, how disastrous the fruits of its neglect? But the pages in this volume allotted to the subject show what grounds he had for his action in the conditions of the time. In the North it might have been possible to keep up the old system for some time longer, in the teeth of the increasing pressure of the Education Office on the funds of the Voluntary subscribers, but in the South there must very soon have been a

break-down. The Act of 1902 at least saved the Catholic schools for a longer period, and besides enabled them to acquire a position which is now generally acknowledged to necessitate their being preserved in the legislation of the future.

Another episode in his career, his supposed action in which drew down upon him much misjudgment, was that of the movement for reconsidering the question of Anglican Orders. Lord Halifax, it will be remembered, had met at Madeira a French priest, and had interested him deeply with his account of the striking transformation of belief and feeling in a Catholic direction which had come in recent years over one large section of the Anglican communion. All pointed to a Corporate Reunion between the two Churches at no distant date, but a distressing clog in the wheels of this consolatory movement, strange to say, was to be found in the hostility of the English Roman Catholics, who persistently misrepresented its character, and sought only to exploit it for the gaining over of individual proselytes. We must not complain of Lord Halifax for so stating the case, for it is a matter of common knowledge that his policy (if we may describe it by so secular a term) is, if in part founded on misapprehension, directed to the highest ends and inspired by the purest motives. Still, the effect on a foreign ecclesiastic, who knew nothing of the "ins" and "outs," the shades and tones, of English religious life, was unfortunate, for he took up warmly the idea that the English Catholic authorities were impeding a good work, and that it was his duty to check this mischief by bringing the true state of the case under the notice of influential Catholics abroad, and if possible under that of the Holy See. Accordingly, he paid a visit to England, was introduced to prominent High Churchmen, taken to see their churches, convents, and institutions, and went back confirmed in the views he had imbibed. In due course he convinced several French and other ecclesiastics, among them scholars of high repute such as Mgr. Duchesne and Mgr. Gasparri. The result was that he was invited to Rome, and had an audience from Leo XIII. and left him deeply impressed. The Holy Father quite took up the idea that the English Catholic authorities had missed a great opportunity by the harsh tone towards Anglicans which had become habitual to them; and he formed the project of taking the control of the matter into his own hands; he would begin by writing to the Anglican Archbishops, and might then

undertake a re-examination of Anglican Orders, which had been suggested to him as a desirable starting-point for a movement of reconciliation.

This was the crisis with which Cardinal Vaughan found himself confronted in the years 1894-96, and he had no difficulty in recognizing its seriousness. Corporate Reunion as a proximate eventuality was a chimera, indeed, the Cardinal felt that "it would never be till after the Last Judgment;" for the Anglican party had no thought of accepting it in the only way feasible, by the submission of a united clergy and people to the full claims of the Apostolic See, and of all the doctrines it teaches. Thus the one practical effect of any response to their wishes which did not take the form of the utmost plain speaking would be to encourage waverers to remain where they were, instead of consulting the welfare of their souls by personal submission. What wonder that Cardinal Vaughan, cordially as he appreciated the yearning of so many good people for the reunion of Christendom, should have felt that the responsibility lay on him to explain to Pope Leo the real state of High Anglican thought, and the danger of his saying anything which might encourage illusions? How he did this has been clearly set down in the biography, and the history should serve to vindicate the purity of his motives, and the utter absence of the bitterness and controversial hostility which were so freely imputed to him.

It is probably as the builder of Westminster Cathedral that the outside world knows him best and will continue to remember him the longest. As a noble piece of architecture it testifies to the singular courage and energy which collected the necessary funds and brought the work to completion within so short a time, as well as to the wise choice and loyal support of an architect of striking genius; but still more, as the story told by Mr. Snead-Cox abundantly proves, does it testify to the efficacy of a strong faith such as is seldom found in these unbelieving days, a faith of which it is not excessive to say that it was of the sort that moves mountains. It is a subject—this of the Cathedral we have already learnt to love—on which it would be pleasant to dwell, but we must pass it over with much else of deep interest contained in this second volume; for we must turn, at least briefly, to the records of the inner life, which in this, as in the first volume, enable us to attain to so complete an insight into the Cardinal's personality.

There are many precious documents and testimonies of this class in the second volume, and we can learn from them how steadily he advanced along the spiritual path he chose for himself in his earlier years. Most of these are brought together in the two chapters on "Characteristics" and "Inner Life," but one which is given towards the beginning of the volume may perhaps be taken as indicating the spirit in which he took up his work at Westminster.

Aug. 1st. Every interior grace produces generosity, sympathy, and love of souls. My grace of continual prayer when alone, and when silent in the midst of company, at dinner, &c., ought to produce this gentleness, sympathy, and love of souls. . . . He cannot possibly refuse to hear the prayers which he has made continual—the desire that grows stronger day by day, *Discite a me quia mitis sum et humilis corde*. . . . I have been many years learning this lesson, and now only I understand it in a vivid and practical manner. *Meekness with self*—gently forcing my sloth and weariness into continuous action; *meekness with self* which will not permit despondency at feeling my own shortcomings and want of power; *meekness* under the sense of fatigue and worn-out feelings. *Meekness with others*; priests, poor, and every one, in words, in manner, in conduct and deeds. *Meekness towards God's providence*—as shown in the circumstances around me, in the trials and sufferings He may send or permit, in the spiritual action of God on my soul. And all this is to be coupled with humility—humility deeper than hitherto—constant digging down for deep foundations.

Here are some points which show us what he desired to be, whence he sought for the strength to attain, how conscious he was of just the defects people imputed to him, and how deeply anxious to overcome them. As we read these words of intimate self-examination must we not agree with his biographer that they "seem to lift the veil for a moment and enable us to see, not the 'haughty prelate,' but the very human heart of the man." Nor, after all that we can now know of his life, outer and inner, can we fail to recognize that his self-set standard was a standard realized in a truly remarkable degree. Be it conceded that he sometimes fell short of his ideals, that he was at times cold and brusque in manner, and overlooked cases which should have excited his sympathy. He was his own accuser for some such instances of which we know, and was also, we may be sure, for many more of which we do not know. If we wish to reproach him for these, he has himself supplied us with terms of censure stronger than we should wish to use.

We shall not forget, however, that whilst it is in strivings rather than achievements that the heart of a man—the heart which our Lord asks of him—consists, and that strivings are often the most earnest where achievements are the least perfect. Nor shall we suspect of cold-heartedness the man whose acts of delicate kindness were so numerous, and whose whole life was consecrated by a burning zeal to the service of others.

The passage just quoted from his spiritual notes reveals to us his desire to dig deep down for foundations of humility, and the reality of his humility impressed all those who enjoyed his intimacy. Mr. Snead-Cox bears his own testimony when he tells us that from the very beginning of his acquaintance with him, he came to the conclusion that "he was one of the most genuinely humble men I had ever met," an "impression which grew," he says, "as I knew him better." And again "he was the only person I ever had to deal with who thought his contributions to a newspaper were improved by editorial attentions." That was a rare example of intellectual humility, nor is Mr. Snead-Cox the only witness who could testify to the like. An example of humility of another kind is supplied by the story of his distress when it came to his ears that his tendency to rush through ecclesiastical ceremonies was giving scandal.

Very shortly after I had joined his service in 1895 [writes Mgr. Dunn], we were in Rome at the English College, when one morning he suddenly called me into his room. He was evidently much distressed and I wondered what could have occurred. He told me in all simplicity that he had come to realize how much scandal and disedification he had caused by being too hasty and impatient at public functions. I endeavoured to pass the matter off, and said that I did not think any scandal had been taken—although his hastiness had given rise to the nickname of the "scarlet-runner." But tears welled up in his eyes, and before he had completed his self-accusation he completely broke down. He ended by charging me in virtue of obedience to check him at once if ever I saw him manifesting impatience in the future. I was deeply impressed, but I need not say that I never had occasion to carry out what he had enjoined upon me. . . . It must be remembered that at the time I was little more than a boy who had been in his service less than a year.

Of all the features of his interior life the most remarkable was his love of prayer, and the time he gave to it. The outside world had no knowledge of this, and, though it was well known to his friends, even they perhaps hardly suspected the degree to which the practice was carried, until the gathering in of testimonies from divers quarters revealed it.

It was his custom [writes Father Considine] to spend an hour every night in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament, and he spent it chiefly in loving intercourse with Jesus, Mary, and Joseph. He would address himself to our Lord, to our Lady, and to our Lord's Foster-Father, singly or all together, and say out to them with reverence, but without embarrassment, whatever was in his heart. He would make acts of contrition, of thanksgiving, of confidence, of love. He would implore the Divine protection and favour, and ask for guidance in all his doubts through the intercession of the Virgin Mother and her Spouse. But that which occupied him for the greater part of the time, and which he never found to pall, was a repetition of an act of profound self-abasement, composed by himself in terms most wounding to his self-love, recalling his many offences against the Divine Majesty, and declaring his own utter vileness and emptiness of all good. When the hour was ended he would on his knees ask the blessing of the Holy Family for himself and all his work, as in the days of his childhood he begged his parents' blessing before retiring to rest.

Mr. Longueville writes of his visits to Llanforda :

Never have I known any priest to spend so much time in the chapel before the Blessed Sacrament as did Cardinal Vaughan. As long as he had that he wanted nothing else. In my humble and uncomfortable little iron chapel, and like other iron chapels, very hot in summer and very cold in winter, he used to spend hours. . . . His one want was to kneel or sit before the Blessed Sacrament, generally without any book in his hand and for as long a time as was available from necessary duties.

Lady Edmund Talbot tells a similar tale of his stays at Derwent Hall, and Mr. Grisewood of his stays at Grasse, whilst Mgr. Dunn, who as his private secretary accompanied him frequently on his journeys, tells how, whatever the discomforts of the road or the fatigues of the journey, he found time for prayer many times in the day, and often in the night—one striking instance of which he cites by way of illustration. Nor was his prayer confined to stated hours. During the intervals of conversation at the dinner-table, whilst in his carriage driving to some service or other appointment, his lips moved in frequent aspiration. In short, his heart was in Heaven, and was afflicted when the things of earth drew him away from this its sweetest attraction.

It is impossible [he wrote in his diary for September 24, 1896] for me to go voluntarily into social gatherings in country houses where guests, feasts, and frivolities prevail, often too, in my honour as chief guest. Why? Because I am intent on the *Stabat Mater* and all it contains of faith, love, and sorrow. Because I am the father of millions

of souls in London who are living in sin and are being hurried towards Hell. These are souls I ought to be working to rescue through prayer and solitude and an active apostolate. Then there are multitudes of Catholics who are spiritually dead, ill, or miserable. To be thoroughly devoted to all this work, and to be immersed in all their sorrows, needs all the time I can spare to be with them and with God.

But to come to his last days which were spent at Mill Hill, amidst the sons whose vocation lay so close to his heart. The account given of it by Mr. Snead-Cox is as moving as it is simple. Herbert Vaughan's dying was in fitting sequence with his living, but there is just one incident in it in the narrating of which, beautiful as the incident is, and, to those whose experience enables them to read it aright, exhibiting his strong faith glorious as the rainbow set against the dark cloud, undiscerning readers may find only the story of a faith which failed in the hour of crisis.

In the spirit of obedience to his medical advisers he had taken an opiate, a thing for which he had a great dislike, and of which he said to his brother in reference to this occasion, "Never take that horrid stuff: its effect on the mind is terrible." It had overpowered him with a sense of depression and unhinged him. The feelings thus engendered temptation used as its instrument. It is what is apt to happen in similar hours of weakness. But temptation is not the negation of faith; it is the assailant of faith, with which faith has often to fight hard battles, and in overcoming which it achieves its triumph. It is in such a struggle and such a triumph that we must see the true inwardness of this painful but edifying incident.

This agitating trial and triumph took place on the very day of his death in the early afternoon. The day before he had discharged the last official duty of a Catholic Bishop. With the scarlet hat on his head, and the scarlet *cappa magna* thrown over his shoulders, as the ritual prescribes, he had been wheeled into the church, to the front of the sanctuary. In the presence of his Chapter, of the college community, of his brothers, and some few friends, the solemn Profession of Faith was read in his name by Mgr. Johnson, who then carried it with the Book of the Gospels and laid it before him. Then, "with the voice of a man who was already half in the grave," he spoke in strange staccato utterance his last words to his flock.

After concluding this rite, which so far as human intelligence can foresee is the last public act of my life, I wish to ask pardon of all whom I have offended or scandalized through hastiness, or want of

judgment or care in the carrying out of my important post in the ministry. I attach no value to my humble endeavours or public undertakings to which people might attribute any importance. I place no confidence in anything which, in the eyes of the world, may recommend me to its consideration. All I have done has been done solely for this end—the glory of God, whose poor instrument I have been in all these works. They have been carried out by me merely as an instrument, and must necessarily be full of imperfections. I rely entirely on the merits of our Lord Jesus Christ and on the intercession of His Holy Mother, St. Joseph, and the Apostles, especially St. Peter. I ask you to remember me when I am beyond this world, and shall want all the help my soul may stand in need of. I trust in God, I love Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, and Peter.

When Herbert Vaughan first learnt that he was the choice of the Chapter and Bishops for the See of Westminster, he begged the Holy Father to pass him over as manifestly undistinguished either for any gift of superior learning or by remarkable sanctity. When his prayer for release was disregarded, and he mounted his new throne for the first time, after eulogizing his two predecessors, he accounted for his appointment to succeed them on the ground that it was inevitable that the turn of smaller men should come. Yet, as we look back on those nine years of archiepiscopal rule, we cannot but feel that, if in many respects different from his predecessors, he was by no means unworthy to be classed with them. He may have been inferior to them in literary gifts, though if the excellences of a good style are unpretentious simplicity, directness, lucidity, and force, his had these qualities. He may have been inferior to them in intellectual power and erudition, yet, though his active life left him little time for reading, he quickly seized with an intelligent grasp the points of a subject, intellectual and practical, when it was brought to his notice. In administration, surely, he was as suited to his time as his predecessors were to theirs. He came to the diocese at a time when it needed rousing, and he roused it effectually; not merely by the multiplication of schemes and institutions which his intense vitality suggested to him, but by quickening the spirit of clergy and laity which had become somewhat torpid. And as regards holiness of life, we shall all agree after pondering over what these two volumes have unfolded to our view, that he had it in a fulness which cannot have failed to bring an abundant blessing on his episcopate, even as it has left us with the inheritance of a bright example for which we shall all be the richer.

S. F. S.

Nature and her Author.¹

THE ARGUMENT FROM DESIGN.

SINCE men first began to record their philosophical speculations, nothing, it is evident, has more forcibly impressed the observant mind than what is commonly known as "The Argument from Design," that is to say, the evidence which Nature seems everywhere to furnish of means purposely adapted to pre-determined ends; from which, it is argued, there must follow the necessity of an intelligent Designer to whom such adaptation is due.

It is frequently objected that we ought rather to speak of "the Argument *to*, or *for*, Design," since this being once admitted nothing of importance remains to prove, as nobody would attempt to maintain that there can be Design without a Designer. No doubt this is true, but it can scarcely claim so much importance as some appear to think. What is meant by those who speak of the "Argument from Design" is clearly this, that Nature in all her parts exhibits contrivances and adaptations which, as we can perceive, are required for the results actually obtained; and as in the somewhat similar case of human invention, such contrivances speak of intelligent purpose, so, by analogy, we are justified in concluding that it is not otherwise in the works of Nature. "The Argument from Design" is thus used to signify "The Argument from the manifest evidence of Design exhibited in the Universe."

But however it be styled, it is evident, as has been said, that the argument itself has always played a leading part in the history of human thought. It is probably most familiar in the celebrated "watch argument" of Paley's *Natural Theology*, and the numerous applications made by that writer to some of the more notable instances in which organic nature exhibits mechanism vastly more complex and perfect than our most skilful artificers can produce. Before Paley, the same argument

¹ A paper read at the Leeds Catholic Congress, July 30, 1910.

had impressed even the French infidel school of the eighteenth century, and those subject to its influence.¹

More than two thousand years earlier, Socrates had recourse to the same argument against the unbeliever Aristodemus, and, as recorded by Xenophon,² used the masterpieces of the sculptor Polycletus and the painter Zeuxis for the same purpose for which Paley employed the watch.

Nor is it to philosophers alone, but to every thinking man, that such marvels exhibited by Nature have ever appealed, and while increased knowledge must needs enhance our appreciation of these, it can add nothing substantial to the force of the argument they suggest. "The philosopher of the present day," says Macaulay,³ "has before him just the same evidences of design in the structure of the universe which the ancient Greeks had . . . for the discoveries of modern astronomers and anatomists have really added nothing to the force of the argument which a reflecting mind finds in every beast, bird, insect, fish, leaf, flower, and shell."

The instances are in fact numberless which serve to suggest such reflections, and in fact there is no end to them, nor any nook or cranny in the field of Nature in which they do not offer themselves. The structure of such organs, to take some obvious examples, as eyes, ears, and wings, the hinges of joints or bivalve shells, which last seem to have very specially attracted the attention of Mr. Darwin, the extraordinary contrivances for securing the fertilization of orchids and other flowers by means of insects, the construction of plant stems, round, triangular, square, or pentagonal, so as to solve the problem of securing the utmost strength with the greatest economy of material, girders being moreover introduced to meet the strain at critical points—show us problems thus solved ages ago, which the intelligence and skill of mechanicians and architects has slowly learnt to imitate.

In spite of all, however, there can be no doubt that this famous and time-honoured argument has to a large extent lost

¹ Voltaire: "Si une horloge prouve un horloger, si un palais annonce un architecte, comment, en effet, l'univers ne demontre-t-il une intelligence suprême."—*Notes sur Les Cabales*.

Napoleon I.: "Je regarde cet univers si vaste si compliqué, si magnifique, et je me dis qu'il ne peut être le produit du hasard, mais l'œuvre quelconque d'un être inconnu tout puissant, supérieur à l'homme autant que l'univers est supérieur à nos plus belles machines."—Thiers, *Hist. du Consulat et de l'Empire*.

² *Memorabilia*, i. 4.

³ *Essays*, "Von Ranke."

favour at the present day, and there are many, especially amongst the votaries of science, who consider it unworthy even of consideration. To some extent—even perhaps to a considerable extent—this appears to come from their not being at the pains rightly to understand what the argument they depreciate really is, and so substituting a mere man of straw as their antagonist. Thus, such an authority as Professor Karl Pearson seems to suppose¹ that upholders of design really adopt absurdities such as were caricatured by Hegel—that, the vine being created solely to provide men with wine, the cork-tree was considerably added to furnish stoppers for their bottles.

There are, of course, difficulties advanced of a more serious character, and worthy of careful consideration, and these we must severally examine, endeavouring to give to each its full weight.

Amongst the various influences to which modern thought owes its most characteristic features, none is so potent as the all-compelling idea of evolution, which affects all branches of Nature-study, and is responsible in a very special manner for the change which has come over the manner in which men regard such an argument as that which we have been considering.

We cannot, it is said, form any sound inference as to the cause which has produced the adaptations in Nature alleged as evidence of Design, unless we fully adopt the teachings of evolution, that doctrine “which is transforming in every direction the thoughts of men,” and in the light of which the old-fashioned notions of Socrates and Paley lose all their significance.

There can, of course, be no question that “evolution” is nowadays in all men’s mouths, and is quoted on all hands as the universal solvent of every problem. At the same time it can hardly be denied that constantly as it is spoken of, and appealed to, it is by no means easy to understand exactly what is meant, what we should understand that “evolution” *is*. There are comparatively few who think it necessary to define the term, and the definitions variously supplied seem rather to complicate than to elucidate the question.

As a general rule, the theory of “evolution” is still generally connected with the name of Darwin, and even identified with

¹ *Ethics of Freethought*, pp. 33—35.

the Darwinian system. But whereas Darwinism deals only with the organic world, and with this as an already going concern, endowed with life and with "species," of some sort, somehow established, undertaking only to explain how one may have been transformed into another, namely, by the particular means of "Natural Selection," "evolution," as now preached, professes, on the contrary, to be the master key which unlocks all secrets, and explains all mysteries—so that we have to take into account the evolution of matter—of life—of protoplasm—of sensation and consciousness—to all of which Darwinian principles can, it would seem, have no application whatever. These principles account at most for the modification of living forms through the survival of the forms fitted to survive in the struggle for life; but what can this have to do with non-living matter, and the first introduction of life? Can matter be supposed more likely to "survive" because it is incorporated in an animal or plant, than because it remains mere oxygen or granite?

There seems no doubt, however, that it is in this larger sense evolution must, for practical purposes, be understood. Professor Sedgwick, of Cambridge, for instance, thus explains the faith which is in him.¹

I am and always have been a convinced evolutionist. I hold, that is to say, that matter is constantly undergoing change and that natural selection, taking advantage of its endless diversity in form and properties, has played and is playing an important part in determining what form of it (whether living or not living) shall exist, and what shall cease to exist. I hold, further, that the forms of living matter, as well as those of not living matter, owe their existence and their properties to the operation of natural laws, though here we are treading on uncertain ground, for we know nothing of the origin of living matter or of the source of its properties.

So another writer, by no means hostile to the idea of design in general, thus criticizes Paley's argument: ²

[His conclusion] would be irrefutable enough, if, as in the works of a human artizan, the forms of life could still be viewed as created with all their structures, ordered and arranged with a special view to the performance of their particular functions. But the doctrine of evolution permits us no longer so to view them. The eye exists undoubtedly for the purpose of sight; but this and all other adaptations of structure to

¹ *Text-Book of Zoology*, vol. ii. Preface, p. vii.

² Morris, *New Natural Theology*, p. 19.

function in the economy of life, are, according to the teaching of evolution, not immediately suggestive of a final cause, but simply the interaction on each other of organisms and their environment, in accordance with fixed conditions analogous to those which have led to the evolution of the sun and its attendant planets. As the sun and planets of our solar system are the result of a process of evolution in the form of matter under the action of the laws of motion and universal gravitation, so are the adaptations of life forms similar results of similar determinate laws.

From this it seems clear that if we wish to know anything at all concerning the genesis of the world, we require to know a good deal more about this same "evolution" which is said to have dominated the process. What are its "determinate laws," and what determines them? What are the "fixed conditions" according to which the interaction of organisms and their environment was necessitated to produce just such a world as is now beheld, and how came the condition to be thus fixed? In a word, what is evolution?

The question is imperatively suggested by what we have heard, but it cannot be said that the answer becomes equally clear. We are told indeed, and with much insistence that as Professor Haeckel has it, "evolution" is the magic word which alone solves mysteries, "the pole-star which guides our philosophy through the mighty labyrinth to a solution of the world problem."¹ But when we ask for more definite information, it is not easy to obtain any, except that under the influence of evolution—whether this be a Force, a Principle, or a "Law"—things in general continually "evolve," which does not seem to take us very far. Everything, we are assured, is constantly undergoing change, and it is in this perpetual mutability that the essence of evolution is to be found: its one constant feature seems to be that it is never the same. *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*; the description of a turbulent republic, whose normal condition is revolution, seems applicable in its measure to the evolutionary universe. Meanwhile, we know nothing concerning the origin of living matter, or the source of its properties, and of non-living matter, if possible, still less; that is to say, we know nothing at all which can throw the smallest light upon the problem which we desire to solve.

There are many, indeed, who appear to think that things being assumed to be in a continual state of alteration, there is

¹ *Riddle of the Universe* (popular edition), p. 83.

no need of any further explanation; for, as development necessarily involves change, so change must of course imply development. But this is not in accordance with the teaching of experience. We find, on the contrary, that change is just what most imperatively demands explanation. The Laws of Motion themselves, for instance, which must lie at the very base of any system of cosmogony, start with the principle that only by the action of a new force can movement be initiated, or once inaugurated be diverted in another direction. If nature be in a ceaseless condition of manifold mutations, to what are these due? Until we know this, can we think that we know anything?

But, while this is so, it cannot be denied that the almost universal adoption of evolutionary principles has radically modified the attitude of our generation towards the question now in hand, so that it is necessary to consider this under the newer light which is said to be cast upon it.

A convenient example is furnished by an instance upon which M. Janet lays considerable stress in his well-known work concerning Final Causes.¹ The organ most universal in the animal kingdom, namely the stomach, secretes a gastric juice which dissolves and digests flesh. Why, then, it is asked, does not this juice digest the stomach itself, this being of its nature perfectly digestible, so that after its owner's death it can serve as food for other flesh-eating creatures? But while its possessor is alive this difficulty is anticipated by the provision of a special varnish—the *epithelium*—which lines the internal walls of the stomach, rendering these unassailable by the action of the gastric juice, just as if coated with porcelain. The protection, it is argued, must already have been supplied to the first stomach in which digestion was ever performed, or the process could never have gone any further. What clearer proof of design is it possible to imagine?

But such a mode of viewing the matter, we are told,² is quite inconsistent with the teaching of evolution, for it assumes that the organ first appeared in nature in form of a completed stomach, provided with all requisites for the performance of its functions. But this was not so. From the moment of its first appearance, protoplasm was capable of digesting and incorporating other protoplasm, and as evolution proceeded, it did but evolve more and more complex and efficient methods of so doing. Accordingly, it is said:

¹ English translation, p. 33.

² *New Natural Theology*, p. 33.

The proper way to examine the instance is not to ask, "Given the stomach, what are the chances that it shall not digest itself?" but to ask, "By what means has the stomach with its coating been evolved, so as to take up the function of the digestion of food?"

The difficulty, however, specious as it may perhaps seem, does not appear to be very fundamental, for it does but shift the point of the question further back. If protoplasm was from the first capable of digesting and assimilating other protoplasm, it must likewise have been guarded against digesting itself. The *epithelium* may, like the stomach which it protects, have been evolved, but its equivalent must have been provided from the first. As de Vries contends, a character can be diminished or increased, but nothing new can result from the variations upon which Darwinians rely for the production of new species.

It would, in fact, appear that we gain nothing towards a sound comprehension of the question by diverting our attention from the actual state of things known to us by experience, and directing it instead to the hypothetical condition which we have to learn from "the teaching of evolution." The grounds upon which we may judge whether the universe does or does not exhibit evidence of Design, are evidently to be sought by its actual condition, whatever may have been the process by which that condition has been reached. Our racing-gigs are no less a monument of the boat-builder's craft, because they are lineally descended from rude dug-outs, which, however clumsy and shapeless, had yet solved the problem of flotation, and so made possible the evolution which has led to the present development.

Confining ourselves, therefore, like Paley and the ancients, to things as they are, it remains to inquire how far modern thought has invalidated the argument which they based on the evidence of purpose discovered in Nature.

Quite apart from evolutionary hypotheses, there can be no doubt that modern thought finds many reasons for being dissatisfied with the line of argument for Design which seemed cogent and convincing to Socrates and Paley. Its best-known form, as set forth by the last-named writer, may be thus summarized.

A piece of mechanism such as a watch, though nothing be known of its origin and history, beyond what may be learnt by inspection of it, furnishes undeniable evidence that it was produced by an intelligent designer, for a definite purpose,

namely, to mark the progress of time. To this end all its various parts are found to co-operate—the spring, the chain, the cog-wheels, and the rest—and in consequence no man could possibly think of imagining that it was not expressly intended to discharge its special function.

It is precisely the same, continues Paley, with the works of Nature, whereof one notable example will supply a sufficient illustration. The eye is as manifestly and as artfully constructed for a purpose as is that instrument of human contrivance—the telescope. There is, of course, this fundamental difference, that the one is a perceiving organ, the other an unperceiving instrument, and that the mode in which, in the case of the former, the vital element is introduced, and light produces sight, is wholly inscrutable to us.

Nevertheless, it remains true, that up to a point the eye and the telescope are alike instruments, the object of the former being to throw a distinct image of an external object upon the *retina*; of the latter to convey such an image from the eye-piece to the eye itself. Up to this point, the reasoning is the same in each case; for in each alike are the means provided which are necessary under the laws of optics for the formation of the required image. Contrivances are employed in the eye exactly similar to those of which the human optician makes use for the same purpose. The light from the object in question is made to pass through lenses, which so refract its rays as to bring each pencil to a point at the right distance from the lens. Moreover, these lenses are composed of humours having different refracting powers, whereby the defect of chromatic aberration is obviated, and, as Paley notes, it was by observing and imitating this device of Nature that a remedy for the same inconvenience was found by man.

A very remarkable mechanism is attached to the nictating membrane with which the eye of birds is furnished. The function of this is rapidly to sweep and lubricate the eye, for which purpose, having been drawn over the pupil by a thread-like tendon connected with a special muscle, it returns to its former position by its own elasticity, after the manner of a spring-blind. The muscle in question would not have room enough for its necessary contraction were it to lie, as usual, all in one direction, but it is passed through a loop formed by another muscle, and so its course is inflected as if it went round a pulley, by which means the needful result is attained.

Instances of the same kind might be indefinitely multiplied,

but these will sufficiently exhibit the character of Paley's argument, and the consequence drawn by him after the example of the French academicians :—"Of a thousand things we perceive not the contrivance, because we understand them only by their effects, of which we know not the causes ; but here we treat of a machine, all the parts whereof are visible, and which needs only to be looked upon to discover the reasons of its motion and action."

Structures such as the above, occurring as they do in illimitable profusion in every department of organic nature, whether animal or vegetable, certainly require explanation ; there must be *some* force to the action of which they are to be ascribed. That this force is purposive intelligence, akin to our own—as we have seen—has been the idea suggested to the mind of many men, and these not unworthy of consideration. There are difficulties, however, which at once occur before we can accept such a solution of the question, and these have been perceived and exhibited by no one more clearly than by Paley himself, who thus writes :

Why should not the Deity have given to the animal the faculty of vision *at once*? Why this circuitous perception ; the ministry of so many means? . . . Wherefore all this? Why make the difficulty in order to surmount it? . . . Why resort to contrivance where power is omnipotent? Contrivance, by its very definition and nature, is the refuge of imperfection. To have recourse to expedients implies difficulty, impediment, restraint, defect of power.

This, no doubt, is a very grave objection for those who would push analogy too far, and make of the author of Nature but a greatly superior mechanic, working on the same essential lines as human artificers, one whose motives and methods are as thoroughly intelligible to us as theirs. It would still, however, obviously remain true, as a great and fundamental difference, that whereas our watchmakers, opticians, and others must contrive to satisfy conditions over which they have no control, the Creator must be assumed Himself to have prescribed the conditions under which He fulfils His purposes. Paley adds another consideration, which, whatever may be its value, is not likely to find much favour with his modern antagonists.

Amongst other answers which might be given [he writes] besides reasons of which probably we are ignorant, one is this: it is only by the display of contrivance that the existence, the agency, the wisdom of the Deity could be testified to His rational creatures. This is the

scale by which we ascend to all the knowledge of our Creator which we possess, so far as it depends upon the phenomena and the works of Nature. Take away this, and you take away from us every subject of observation and ground of reasoning. I mean as far as our rational faculties are formed at present.

Further, it may be urged that if, as we are told, man was created to the image and likeness of his Maker, this likeness being above all in his spiritual and intellectual part, it were only to be expected that we should find within ourselves when contemplating external nature a reflection of Him to whom, like us, it owes its origin, a reflection accurate, so far as it goes, but as inadequate to His right representation as shadow to that of substance.

And here another consideration suggests itself which cannot be charged with involving anything which may be termed a theistic assumption. Looking at things simply as we find them, can it be questioned that the universe in which we live is rationally explicable, that if we interrogate Nature, we may count upon obtaining rational answers; that—however it may have got there—science as Romanes said—finds her instinct with reason, “take her where you will, reason oozes out at every pore.”¹

It thus appears evident that, as from the facts of Nature we learn the existence, however they may transcend our comprehension, of forces such as gravitation, electricity, chemical affinity, and the like, to which we ascribe the phenomena we encounter, and without which these would be inexplicable, so we are necessarily led to recognize the efficiency of a power “for which to us the word mind is the least inadequate and misleading of symbols,”² and apart from which Nature could afford no basis for our science. This, indeed, seems obvious.

Some are inclined to argue that, the world being constituted as it is, its physical forces must needs produce exactly those effects which actually result, and that, inasmuch as this constitution is as likely as any other to have been fortuitously determined, we need look no further in search of a cause to which the orderly arrangement of the cosmos may be ascribed. Some philosophers, as Diderot and Lange, have declared that if a quantity of printing type were shuffled from infinity, it is not only possible but highly probable that any work we choose to name in human literature would result.

¹ W. L. Walker, *Christian Theism and Spiritual Monism*, pp. 44, *et seq.*

² Mivart, *Lessons from Nature*, p. 301.

But supposing this very large postulate to be granted; let the work produced be Darwin's *Origin of Species*, complete in every jot and tittle; would the most devoted of Darwinians consider this to have any claim on his acceptance or admiration? The book itself is esteemed and extolled because it came from its author, and as conveying to the world the fruit of his observation and study it claims to make a fresh contribution to science. But as to such a casual production as is imagined, science can be found there only on the supposition that it is introduced by the reader or student, who must not only know how to read, in order to find in the type any sense at all, but must be so conversant with Nature as to perceive that she corresponds with the meaning which he constructs from the book. In fact—paradoxically—he can learn anything from the work before him only by knowing already all that it can be made to contain.

Exactly similar must be the case of a universe in which Mind has no part. All the laws which it is the glory of science to discover would be due wholly to the mind which discovered, and in discovering, created them. Without this they would exist only as does a statue in the marble from which it is hewed. No doubt the sculptor's chisel does but disclose what was always there, but none the less to him alone is the statue due; which would, moreover, never be produced did not he begin with a clear mental image of the object to be attained. A child who starts with mere random scribbling, and explains that his picture is to represent whatever it is most like when it is finished, will never produce a likeness of anything. And if Nature elaborates such mechanisms as eyes, or ears, or wings, or the hinges of shells and the joints of our own limbs, products immensely more artistic and effective than any of human manufacture, it seems perfectly obvious that there must be *some* power behind which is predetermined towards the particular result obtained. The character of this power we may be unable adequately to understand, but we cannot doubt that our failure in this respect is due only to our own limitations. To the great majority of men the methods of such a mathematician as the late Lord Kelvin are an utter mystery, but do we therefore suppose that he arrived at his conclusions merely by groping in the dark? or would one be justified because he could not read in denying the faculty which enabled another to gain knowledge from what to himself seemed devoid of all significance, representing nothing but so much stained paper?

It is objected, in a word, that the world as we know it, being the only world of which we have any knowledge, and of which alone we can affirm the possibility, and all that we observe being the necessary result of its actual constitution, there is no place in it for the element of design, which would imply that things might be otherwise. Given the laws of light, the hues of the rainbow must needs follow, without the introduction of a fabulous Iris; and, similarly, however artistic we may find an oak-tree or a palm, every curve which we admire is but the inevitable result of the material of which it is composed, and the forces to which it is subject. If so, why inquire further, seeking an explanation of what demands none?

This, however, does not meet the argument we have been considering. Undoubtedly, we cannot even imagine a chaotic universe, or one not permeated by Law and Order. As a recent writer tells us:¹

The bodies and the properties of living things are cosmic, not chaotic. No matter how low in the scale we go, never do we find any hint of a diminution in that all-pervading orderliness, nor can we conceive an organism existing for a moment in any other state. Moreover, not only does this Order prevail in normal forms, but again and again it is to be seen in newly-sprung varieties, which by general consent, cannot have been subjected to a prolonged selection.

This, however, serves but to show how absolutely necessary, from the constitution of our own minds, it is for us to find in Nature the notion of final purpose, of a Power behind her, dominating her every process, and compelling all her forces to follow the course appointed for them, as planets pursue each its proper path. Take away this faculty of inference from the data of sense to the conclusions of the intellect, and we are bereft of all power of learning aught from Nature, and must renounce all possession of Science herself; for as Sir John Herschel says, speaking of the original constitution of the world:²

The presence of Mind is what solves the whole difficulty, so far, at least, as it brings it within the sphere of our own consciousness, and into conformity with our own experience of what action is. We know nothing but as it is conceivable to us from our own mental and bodily experience and consciousness. When we know we act: we are also conscious of will and effort; and action without will and effort is to us, constituted as we are, unrealizable, unknowable, inconceivable.

To sum up in the words of Francis Newman, "He that made man must have all man has—and more." J. G.

¹ Professor Bateson in *Darwin and Modern Science*, p. 92.

² *Familiar Lectures*, 458.

The Last National Embassy to Rome.

II.

JOURNEYING by way of Piacenza they came to Cremona, which it seems, was noted for "excellent good knives." They crossed the Oglio in boats. "Here, in a town called Agna Nera we saw men whip themselves with chains, going after a procession." In Mantua "the Duke met with the Lords, and brought them to their lodgings. . . . This Duke is very young, and looketh a little asquint. Here the Lords were greatly feasted." After supper they went to Court, and were presented to the aged Duchess, and her family "and one other lady called Hippolita, one of the fairest ladies in the world." Altogether, our friend's stay at Mantua must have been memorable, for besides seeing "Hippolita" he was present at a banquet "in the which were green almonds, the first I ever saw;" was brought "in the Dutchess's jewel-house where, besides costly gems he saw an unicorn's horn [and] a tree of coral an ell long;" and last, though not least: "here we saw also a beast called the tyger"!

Through Ostia they came to Ferrara, whence the Duke was absent at the new Pope's consecration in Rome. Of Ferrara our writer gives a vivid description, ending with "a very notable banquet; the heavenly noise that was there, as well with strange instruments of musick as otherwise, I cannot declare." Here too they saw a "tortoise a yard long and more, and half a yard broad." As they left the city they met the Duke, who apologized profusely for his absence. After this they were in the Pope's dominions.

At Bononia (Bologna) they were met by the Vice-Legate and the Bishop, entering the city in a violent storm of rain. Next day, May 1st, Pope Marcellus II. died. There is a pathetic letter written to him on this very date by Cardinal Pole, from Richmond,¹ acknowledging the Briefs sent him by His Holiness.

¹ *Venetian Calendar*, vi. 1. 70.

which confirmed him in the charge given by Julius III. "concerning the matter of the religion in England and the negotiation for the peace" [between France and the Empire]; and dwelling on the delight it has given him to be confirmed in his work by the new Pontiff. Marcellus died; and three weeks later the man who politically was so strongly opposed to Pole as to become practically his personal enemy, Gianpietro Caraffa, Cardinal Archbishop of Naples, ascended the Papal throne as Paul IV. on Ascension Day, 1555. The news was heard by Pole on Whit Sunday, and on the same day he wrote Caraffa a charming letter of congratulation, probably from Calais, whence he was on the point of returning home after the Peace conference at Marck. (May 24, 1555.)

"The second day" continues the diary (*i.e.*, May 2nd,) "a post came from Rome that brought the Lords word of the death of Pope Marcellus Secundus." The Ambassadors did not, however, hurry on this account; and as a matter of fact did not reach Rome for more than a month. On June 1st, Sir John Masone, English Ambassador at Brussels, writing to the Council concerning the news of Caraffa's election (of which he had just heard, he says, in a packet of letters from Lord Montague in Italy, "their date being very stale") remarks that the new Pope is at least eighty-four years old, and that therefore "the Ambassadors have need to make some haste, lest he serve them as the two others have done!"¹

"A sight of worshipful relics is to be seen in Bononia. The body of St. Dominick, the body of St. Rutherin,² and a piece of the Crown of Thorns wherewith Christ was crowned. . . . The Pope being dead, ten [of the thirteen] gates of the city are kept shut, and 800 soldiers appointed to watch . . . for at that time misdoers and offenders think themselves without a law.

The party remained at Bologna thirteen days, and then divided. The Bishop of Ely and Lord Montague "took their journey to see Fiorenza;" Sir Edward Carne, however, "with all the carriage and the greatest part of the train departed from the Lords, and took his journey through la Romagna, to Rome." At Cesena, where "there cometh a river called Rubicon, the boys of the town, being a great number, met my Lord Ambassador without the town gate, crying *Viva Inghilterra*, (as much as to

¹ *State Papers*, Foreign Series, June 1, 1555. Paul IV. died 1559.

² No doubt a misprint for Katherine.

say, God save England); everyone brought an olive branch in their hands." Passing through Prinari they had a grand reception at Pesaro, and were presented by the young Duke of Urbino to his mother the Duchess and the ladies of the court.

After we had all humbly done our duty unto her Grace, as many of us as could speak Italian or French went to entertain these ladies and gentlewomen. The rest of us . . . sat down amongst them, to behold (as *spectatores formarum*) the glory of their surpassing beauty. This heavenly and angelic troop of ladies being thus accommodated, and we greatly graced by their honourable presence, on a sudden they were presented with the music of the virginals, lute and viol.

After this we are not surprised to hear that the proceedings concluded, after a "Paven" and "Galliard" performed by the Duke and his brother, with a dance; each gentleman at the Prince's request, taking out "a lady or gentlewoman to dance withal." It would be interesting to know how he differentiated.

At Perugia, probably on May 25th, the Ambassador's party heard the news of the new Pope's election. "The people be all French in their hearts." (Paul IV.'s French sympathies and hatred of the Empire are matter of history.) "For three nights together fires were made, as well upon the walls of the castle as upon other places of the town, only for joy of a new Pope, Paulus Quartus."

Here they were rejoined by the Bishop of Ely and Lord Montague. But they were not pleased at their reception by the city, and felt it right to refuse the present—including "six dozen of rabbets, fifteen weathers and lambs"—sent by the Vice-Legate on the eve of their departure. At Perugia our diarist saw "a special relick forsooth of our Lady's, a ring, the first (they stick not to say) that ever she did wear, and which is not shewed, I tell you, without great ceremony. This ring is a great ring, all of black horn, and hangeth in a pix within a tabernacle, being clad with two or three fold of lawn: that is seen in mystery as all other relicks be. When it is shewn to anyone" he adds, with evident want of faith in its authenticity, "there is a wonderful much blessing, kissing, kneeling and knocking."

By way of Spoleto, Narni, and Perni they passed "over the river of Tyber with a boat" to Borgetto, and thence to Rome itself, lodging in a palace *extra mures*, built by Pope Julius III. To the Ambassadors came ecclesiastics to the number of sixteen Bishops and the representatives of thirty-five Cardinals.

The Pope sent also the officers of his court, to bring in the Lords into the city, besides his guard to wait on them; and last of all came a Bishop who represented the Pope's Holiness, who was accordingly honoured of the Lords [who were] . . . conveyed to their lodging with trumpets and drums before them, in a fair palace, having in train one thousand horses and mules. . . . The two former Popes, Julius Tertius and Marcellus Secundus, had made great provision for the Lords in the palace of St. Mark, the which provision this new-created Pope, Paulus Quartus, did spend and eat himself.

Paul IV. was, personally, never popular with England.

On June 8th, the Ambassadors had secret audience, and next morning Caraffa, the Pope's nephew (created Cardinal only two days before) sent them a large present of food: "three veals," poultry, cheese, bacon, wax, wine, sugar, barley, and oats.

On June 10th, the Ambassadors were received in open audience. As they passed the Castle of St. Angelo they were saluted by "a great peal of ordnance."

The Pope sat in a conclave, . . . in a great high chair, having a very rich cope upon him, and a mitre of a wonderful price upon his head. The place where he sat was railed in, that the people might not come and trouble the orator. The Cardinals sat in benches within the rails, round about the Pope's Holiness; the Bishop [Ely?] underneath them, and the Pope's servants lay upon the ground. After my lord my master the Lord Bishop of Ely had ended his oration made to the Pope, then all the Englishmen of the Lord's train were called for and let come within the rail to kiss the Pope's Holiness's foot, who had a crimson velvet slipper on that had a cross of silver laid upon it. That done, the Pope blessed them, and so they departed sanctified.

The next day "at the Cardinal of Pisa's house I saw a live ostrich, and plucked a white feather from it." The following morning (June 12th) "the Lords heard a dirge Mass, at the Spanish church, for the Emperor's mother,¹ where we had every one of us a taper given us to hold all Mass time in our hands."

On this day the Ambassadors dined with Cardinal Caraffa "at a place called Belvedere."

After dinner the Lords went to visit other Cardinals which lay in the Pope's Court, and so went . . . to wait upon the Pope, that came out to evensong . . . and ever as they came over the bridge of St. Angelo, whether it were one, two, or three Cardinals together, so many as there

¹ The Dowager Empress Joanna.

were, so many pieces of ordnance were shot off the castle for an hour. That the Pope is bound to observe to his well-beloved brethren . . . whether they come to the Court or no [adds the narrator drily.] Also, as the Cardinals do come to the outer gates of the Pope's Palace a drum and fife do give warning of their coming. Within half an hour there came the Pope's Holiness out of his privy-chamber among them. They all rising up at the sight of him, bowed themselves, ducking friar-fashion, and the Pope likewise to them again. Then he being led by two Cardinals to a little side-table in the chamber they both did help him to put on his robes pertaining to His Holiness. His robes being put on him, he went in this manner towards the chapel to evensong, attended upon as followeth: First the officers of his household, being a great number, before him, all in scarlet gowns. After them followed two, carrying each of them a mitre, and two officers next them with silver rods in their hands. Then the Cardinals, having a cross borne before them, and every Cardinal his several pillar borne next before himself. After them cometh the Pope's Holiness in a chair of crimson velvet wrought with gold, having sixteen more spare men waiting upon the chair. Thus going to the chapel, two servants going before him, crying still *Abasso, Abasso* (which is to say, kneel down, masters) he sitting, blessing all the way as he went to evensong: which being done, the Pope returned in like manner to his chamber again.

The next day, June 13th, feast of St. Antony of Padua, the Pope attended High Mass at St. Peter's in state.

First went the Friars, and every parish by themselves with their cross, all bearing white torches in their hands. Next to them followed the Pope's officers, all in scarlet gowns and black velvet coats; then the priests and singing-men of the Pope's chapel; then Bishops to the number of fifty-eight, all of them having mitres of white linen cloth on their heads, and copes on their backs. After them followed the Cardinals, having mitres of white damask, and tunicles upon their backs, with their crosses and pillars borne before them. . . . Then came the Pope's Holiness, and next before him went the guard, being a great number, the Pope being carried in his chair as before mentioned, having a little table before him whereon stood the Sacrament, and two men going before him with great broad fans made of peacocks' tails to keep the sun and flies from his holy face. The most part of his Cardinals had also the like fans before them. After the Pope followed a troop of light horsemen to the number of sixty-four, well-armed and appointed. At [his] setting out all the Pope's trumpeters stood there and sounded. Then there was a warning piece shot off to the Castle of St. Angelo, whereupon the castle gave a great peal of ordnance, which lasted a long time.

The sublime pageant of colour and sound seems to have

sobered this mediæval Pepys. He declines modestly to write any description of Rome itself, the antiquities of which, he tells us, have been "truly and notably set forth" by one William Turner. We take leave of him with regret and gratitude, with which is mingled a feeling almost of affection. But for this diary of his,—kept perhaps for his wife or mother at home—we should have no details of a journey so important historically, so fraught with human interest. That he was a brave man is abundantly evident, in spite of his climbing Mont Cenis by the help of his horse's tail; that he was tender-hearted, enthusiastic, and highly susceptible is even more clear. But what strikes us most in reading his long, but never dull narrative is the extraordinary number of tiny, picturesque details which his journalistic mind appreciated so intensely. Who else has told us of the "tyger" at Mantua, and the Cardinal of Pisa's long-suffering ostrich? Had he lived in our own day he would certainly have been foreign correspondent to a well-known morning paper.

"They made great bonfires in Rome," he says, in concluding his diary with a short account of "a world of relics" he saw in the Holy City: "because we were reconciled to the Church of Rome." He calculates the whole journey to have been 1,158 miles. The Ambassadors stayed in Rome a fortnight. Sir Edward Carne, however, remained some time after his commission was revoked by Elizabeth, February 4, 1559.¹ The Pope expressed the greatest satisfaction on hearing all that Cardinal Pole had been doing in England, and by the Bishop of Ely sent three Bulls to be promulgated in England, one of which concerned the alienation of Church property, another the renewal of the Jubilee published by Julius III. when the news of the Reconciliation came to Rome, and the third the erection of Ireland into a kingdom, in accordance with a request formally made by Philip and Mary. He also presented the Bishop with a beautiful cross of gold, and Lord Montague with a ring set with a valuable "table" diamond. The two Ambassadors do not appear to

¹ Carne was thoroughly weary of his position, and wrote some very pathetic letters to the Queen, in which he complains he is not allowed to depart "here hence," though he has made suit to the Pope (Paul IV.) to do so: "1st, from duty to his sovereign; 2nd, from necessity," for he was now "an old man," and had been several years absent from his wife and family. He begs Elizabeth to "remember his thirty years' service under her father, brother, and sister, wherein he consumed all the substance that he had, without any recompense, but lived with his 'diets' only, with the hardest." He begs her, too, to forgive him for lamenting his case to her, since there is no other to whom he can do so. The Pope wished to retain him. (*State Papers*, Foreign Series, April 1, 1559, Rome.)

have travelled home together, though both chose the same route, for on June 28, 1555, we find a motion of the Venetian Council of Ten to the effect that: "the jewels of the sanctuary and the armoury halls of this Council be shewn to the English Ambassador, Lord Montague," which was carried unanimously. A fortnight later, on July 10th, there is the following entry: "That by authority . . . the armoury of our Church of St. Mark be shewn to the Reverend Ambassador of the King and Queen [Philip and Mary] lately arrived in this city." This, too, was carried *nem. con.*

The Bishop of Ely, as a matter of fact, was not in England before the second week in August; and on June 24th, just as Dr. Thirlby was arriving in Venice, Cardinal Pole was sending the Bishop-elect of St. Asaph, Thomas Goldwell, who had formerly been a Theatine,¹ to tell the Holy Father about the state of affairs in England, and the matter entrusted to Pole by the two late Pontiffs, "of blessed memory," and by his present Holiness. Goldwell was a personal friend of Pole's; it was he who gave the last sacraments to the Angelical Cardinal. However, that the National Ambassadors had returned six weeks later is evident, for on August 10, 1555, Pole writes to Cardinal Caraffa acknowledging the receipt of the Briefs and letters entrusted to them; and saying that by them, and by his own agent (doubtless Dr. Goldwell), he had heard of His Holiness's great desire for peace; and how much the Pope promised himself from "the piety" of Philip and Mary "in this and every other matter." This gave the King and Queen much pleasure, and made them anticipate every paternal office from His Holiness for "the quietness and advantage of Christendom," as demonstrated by his reception and dispatch of their Ambassadors.

C. M. ANTONY.

¹ *Ordo Clericorum Regularium*, founded by St. Gæetano and Pope Paul IV. (when Archbishop of Chieti), September 14, 1524.

*Catholicism and Civil Disabilities.*¹

THE discussion which has arisen concerning the Bill to modify the King's Protestant Declaration has, as was to be expected, raised again the whole question of the civil status of Catholics in this country. We have had the opportunity of studying once more, in the voluminous newspaper comments which this new Relief Bill has called forth, the peculiar views of Catholicism entertained by many of our fellow-citizens and of marking, moreover, in the community at large the gradual but steady growth of an impression that those peculiar views are, in some respects, wrong views, views to be ashamed of. The history and character of the Declaration have been so thoroughly exposed in various Catholic publications,² and so repeatedly discussed by our periodical press, that there is no necessity to dwell here on what has become so familiar. This discredited formula has now no reputable defenders. Catholics know that it contains at least three gross falsehoods reflecting on themselves, viz.: that they pay divine honours to our Lady and the Saints, that their worship of the Blessed Eucharist is idolatrous and that they believe in some power of dispensation which can justify a man in swearing to what is false. And outside our own ranks all reasonable men have come to realize, first, that the Declaration is *unnecessary*, its object being fully secured by the provisions of the Act of Settlement

¹ A paper read at the Catholic Truth Conference held in connection with the National Catholic Congress at Leeds, 1910.

² We may mention the following as giving, in combination, all that need be known about this relic of penal times:—*The English Coronation Oath*, by the late Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.S.S.R., which treats historically of the Coronation Service, describes how the Declaration came to form part of it, and shows the libellous and shameful character of its wording: *The King's Protestant Declaration*, by Father J. Gerard, S.J., which gives illustrations of the style in which the Declaration is defended by ultra-Protestants, a short history of its development, and cogent reasons for its abolition: *Titus Oates's Test*, by Father H. Thurston, a skilful historical disquisition which fixes the authorship, or at least the inspiration, of the formula on the notorious informer. The above are C.T.S. penny pamphlets. A valuable paper by Viscount Llandaff—*The Royal Declaration*—showing its uselessness from a legal standpoint is printed in the *Report of the Eucharistic Congress*, 1908.

and the Bill of Rights; secondly that it is *futile*, for its own supposition that secret dispensations can be obtained to cover falsehood destroys its whole value as a test, and in any case it declares the belief of the Sovereign only at the moment when it is made, thus merely securing that, if he is then a Catholic, he shall be a bad one; thirdly, that it is *inconsistent*, because it stigmatizes in opprobrious terms a religion, which in other connections the State recognizes, sanctions and protects; fourthly, that it is wantonly *offensive* in its terms, and, fifthly, that it is *insulting* to him also who makes it, by emphasizing the possibility of his being a treacherous liar. Only pronounced bigots and the uneducated mob they lead now support it, but as bigotry, though defeated on this occasion, is likely to survive to trouble us further, it will not be useless to examine briefly the state of mind of those of our fellow-citizens who would still refuse to Catholics their full civil rights. Their attitude is dictated by seemingly inveterate misconceptions about the nature and effects of our Faith, yet we must not grow weary in trying to enlighten them. No one, of course, can thoroughly understand Catholicism who has not as a believer experienced the workings of the system, yet even the outsider, if candid and open-minded, may come to learn how in practice it makes for the highest development and the greatest earthly good of mankind.

We Catholics, then, are faced with the fact that in this country we are still under civil disabilities solely on account of our Faith. Leaving out the disability which affects the tenure of the Crown as one which only concerns members of the reigning house in the direct line of succession, and also that excluding Catholics from the office of Regent, neither of which disabilities impairs full citizen rights, we may instance the statutory insults levelled against our Faith and character in the Royal Declaration, the exclusion of Catholics from the posts of Lord High Chancellor of England and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the unrepealed clauses of the Emancipation Act of 1829, aimed at the suppression of all Religious Orders of men, and rendering them incapable of asserting their claims to property or inheritance, and, lastly, the injunctions against Catholic open-air services and ecclesiastical dress. The exact scope of several of these statutes has not been determined, but all are technically in force, although only some are actually operative. With the exception of the Royal Declaration and the

implicit "outlawing" of Religious Orders of men; in comparison, moreover, with the rights and liberties we actually enjoy, they are of little practical inconvenience, yet their presence on the Statute Book cannot but be deeply resented as a continued slur upon our loyalty and a cynical denial of justice. Civil disabilities are of the nature of penalties, and penalties imply culpability. We are entitled to ask—what have we done wrong, or what danger is to be apprehended from us? Why are we not granted equal rights with the rest of our fellow-subjects? The answer can only be—because we are Catholics. There is something in our religion which seems to call for these restrictions. If we were to embrace Judaism and deny Christ, if we were to become Atheists and deny God, the State would have no quarrel with us, all mistrust would vanish, we should be deprived of nothing to which we had a right. Now, we may reasonably demand, does our conduct as Catholics warrant this unjust discrimination against us? Of all the myriad forms of belief that are sheltered under the Empire's laws, is ours alone so demonstrably pernicious that the State must take special precautions against it? Or to put the question in another way—Supposing none of these disabilities existed, could any just, sane and reputable statesman find, in what we believe and what we do, any possible grounds for their enactment? We defy the bitterest bigot amongst our opponents to say—Yes, to that question, and to *prove his charge*. These penalties were conceived in the spirit of that ruthless code of laws which had for express object the extirpation of our religion; they merely survive, with their range limited and their scope weakened, as a concession to the spirit that conceived them, which still lingers in the hearts of the ultra-Protestants. For, if their purpose is to suppress or check Catholicism, they are ludicrously ineffective; they are worse than useless to prevent the growth of the Church: they keep no one from joining it, they induce no one to leave it. And if the Constitution is in peril from Catholicism these enactments, viewed as safeguards, are merely laughable. A Catholic Cabinet, if there was question of undermining Protestantism, would be much more dangerous than a Catholic King. Yet there is no provision in the Statute Book against the possibility of a Catholic Cabinet. The fact is, the suppositions on which the Protestant Societies base their objections to the removal of these penalties would logically demand the suppression of our religion altogether. That

such is their real desire may be readily gathered from their speeches and writings. They would be glad to see Catholicism utterly suppressed, and if asked why the British State proscribes that particular religion they would not be afraid to reply—Because it is a false religion. One at least of their motives is clearly religious zeal.

In a Memorial presented to the King and Parliament by the Protestant Alliance against any alteration in the Accession Declaration, a document which is typical of its class, it is asserted with equal regard to grammar and truth—

That the words "superstitious and idolatrous" [as applied to the Catholic practices of offering Holy Mass and praying to the Saints] are in conformity with the letter and spirit of Holy Writ, *and to which fact* we cannot forbear to direct your attention. (!)

Further on, in the same production, its authors imply that it is zeal for God's honour, "whose servants and people we publicly and reverently acknowledge ourselves to be," that inspires their appeal, and they remind legislators of the words of St. Paul when he warned the Thessalonians that in certain contingencies God would "send them strong delusion that they should believe a lie." Again they assert—

that the Romish System and Hierarchy absolutely comes [*sic*] under Divine Denunciation and that to take public steps on behalf of our King and Parliament to encourage or to condone such a System is to ignore God's teaching in favour of man's error.

Finally, they thus seek to anticipate an obvious objection—

Why do you single us [Catholics] out for denunciation when you tolerate other faiths—Jews, Moslems, Hindus, &c., to wit, without a reproachful word? The answer is clear and self-evident: neither [*sic*] of these sections of our fellow-subjects consecrate [*sic*] and substitute blasphemy for Faith and condemn their fellow-subjects for not endorsing and practising the same.

It will, I think, be quite evident that these curiously illiterate utterances breathe a spirit of dogmatism and religious intolerance, which ill-accords with the boasted principles of Protestantism. Certain obscure gentlemen from a depôt in the Strand dictate pontifically, *ex cathedra*, as it were, to King and Parliament the right view to take of certain disputed religious doctrines. In *their* opinion, the opprobrious epithets of the Declaration "are in conformity with the letter and spirit of

Holy Writ," and therefore King and Parliament must continue to sanction them; and they implicitly declare that there is nothing displeasing to God in the false worship of "Jews, Moslems, Hindus, &c.," therefore, let not King or Parliament say a word against them. Catholics alone "consecrate and substitute blasphemy for Faith," whatever that may mean, and, therefore, Catholics on religious grounds must be denounced.

Now, we may ask, what possible right or claim have these men on their own principles to demand acceptance, by the nation at large and its representatives, of their private scriptural and theological views? We do not complain of their holding such opinions: that is a matter for their own consciences; but we have every reason to object to their trying to force them on others. Where is the liberty of conscience they brag of? Where is the freedom of scriptural interpretation they advocate? Where, again, is there any trace of intellectual modesty in their statement of personal belief? "Are ye the only men on earth?" we may ask them in the words, if not with the patience, of Holy Job,¹ "and shall wisdom die with you?" What insufferable insolence it is for these half-educated fanatics to parade their private convictions as the norm of all truth! Who has given them their commission? Who has guaranteed the correctness of their views? Who has endowed them, like so many Popes, with personal infallibility? We had always thought that Protestantism asserted the supremacy of the individual conscience, the indefeasible right of private judgment. That, indeed, is the only possible attitude left, if one rejects the theory of a divinely-inspired teaching Church, and denies any infallible interpretation of the Bible. But what a rift, what a chasm there is between Protestant theory and Protestant practice! Catholics find full justification of their doctrine of the Holy Eucharist in the New Testament: Protestants read the same evidence but arrive at an opposite conclusion. They have a right, if sincere, to their convictions, and they have a right, with due recognition of their personal fallibility, to prove the Catholic doctrine wrong. But they have no right to call in the State, the Commonwealth, of which Catholics are members as much as they, to act as arbiter in this theological dispute, and to decide in their favour. What possible business is it of the State's? Such a decision is not

¹ Job xii. 2.

only wrong, as we hold, in fact, but wholly unjust, because wholly beyond the State's competence.¹

There is no getting over the logic of the case: even the confused brain of the anti-Catholic fanatic must see the incongruity of his religious attitude. And so he generally passes on to another argument, and attempts a *tu quoque*. If Protestants are intolerant, he says, then Catholics are more so: let them mend their own manners before complaining of ours. The King denounces one or two Catholic doctrines, but the Council of Trent denounces 153 non-Catholic tenets, and the Council of the Vatican some thirty more, condemning, besides, those that hold them. The Pope is constantly occupied in cursing rival creeds. Converts to Rome have to begin their Catholic career by anathematizing the beliefs of their nearest and dearest, and so on and so forth. These accusations are not exaggerated: they are taken from Protestant publications, and they are always being repeated in letters to the press. The more educated Protestants, remembering their vaunted claims to a purer Christianity, are ashamed of this *tu quoque* style. The Bishop of Carlisle, in a letter to the *Times* on May 25th, strongly urged his co-religionists not to anathematize Roman Catholics "who at any rate are Christians." "For Protestantism to do as Rome does," says this magnanimous prelate, "is to lower Protestantism to the Roman level instead of lifting it to the level of the Spirit of Christ."² But his appeal was in vain, and necessarily so. Rival creeds *must* oppose one another. Each separate form of Christianity by its very existence denounces the rest, for the only justification of its aloofness is that it claims to be the true religion, or at least a truer and more Christian form than the others. That it gives voice to its claims of superiority in its formularies and from its pulpits is only proper and natural: its business is to bear witness to what it thinks to be the truth. And so conscientious non-Catholics are quite within their rights in repudiating what they consider the errors of Rome. We have no quarrel with the Thirty-Nine Articles and

¹ The question as to whether a Christian State should publicly profess and recognize some form of Christian belief is quite distinct from this. That we believe wholly desirable, even though the form be not the true one, for the public acknowledgment of God's existence, God's supremacy, and God's rights is in itself of the greatest importance.

² Yet Protestantism in her formularies does exactly what Rome does. "They also are to be had accused," says the Eighteenth of the Thirty-Nine Articles, "that presume to say that every man shall be saved by the law or sect which he professeth." *Sunt et illi anathematizandi*,—the very style and spirit of Trent!

the Homilies, which say harder things of Catholic doctrines than does the Royal Declaration, even though we cannot see why they should use such gross language, or how Protestant principles justify such dogmatism. We do not complain of the Nonconformist pulpit censuring this or that tenet of our faith as erroneous, superstitious, or even objectively idolatrous. What men really believe to *be* wrong, men are bound on fitting occasions to *call* wrong. As we grant all this, so we demand at least the same liberty for ourselves. The Church claims to be divinely commissioned to teach the whole of God's revelation, and whatever goes beyond her teaching or contradicts it in any way, she must, to be consistent, protest against with the utmost clearness and strength. And, as befits her claim of infallibility, she also condemns those who consciously and culpably reject her doctrine. In this view, what the Bishop of Carlisle's adjuration really amounts to is that the members of his sect should not sink to the Roman level of certain truth, but should raise themselves up to the Protestant level of free opinion! He does not seem to realize that faith implies certainty, and that certainty necessitates rejection of all that is incompatible with it.

We cannot, therefore, lay too much stress upon the fact that the very point of our complaint is, not that Protestants should in public and in private denounce our religion—they are welcome to do so if they can do so sincerely—but that the State, which is our State as much as theirs, and the laws of which we respect and obey, should be called on to penalize the conscientious beliefs of some of her own children in order to gratify the religious rancour of some others. It is that injustice that we must protest against with all possible strength. We form one-fourth of the white population of this Empire, and are entitled to consideration on that account, but we do not advance our claims on the plea of expediency. We ask for justice; not "concessions." These penal laws have no possible religious justification. Our right to our own belief and to the exercise of divine worship in our own way is based on the natural law and not on the permission of the British Parliament.

After all, it is only the ignorant and unreasoning opponents of Catholicism that now-a-days desire in a mixed community to make religion, as such, a ground for State persecution. They represent the old spirit of Protestantism—that blind intolerance which, as has been well said, was the original sin of the reformed

Churches. Many examples might be quoted but, perhaps, the following will suffice to show to what lengths bigotry could lead a character in many ways worthy of admiration. Here is what John Wesley says in his *Defence of the Protestant Association*.

Suppose every word of Pope Pius's creed to be true—suppose the Council of Trent to have been infallible—yet I insist upon it, that no Government not Roman Catholic ought to tolerate men of the Roman Catholic persuasion.

When a man of Wesley's standing¹ could confess to a prejudice so monstrous and declare that Catholicity, *even if true*—even if the very religion established by Christ—should be suppressed, what wonder that uneducated fanatics of to-day, nurtured in his spirit, should rage so foolishly and bitterly against the Church. Cromwell, who knew the breed in his time, has well expressed their character, "Every sectary saith"—he exclaims, "'O give me liberty,' but, give it him, and to the best of his power he will give it to no one else." We Catholics in England resent this sectarian intolerance. There is nothing in our creed, especially if considered in the lives of its most perfect exponents, the saints, to incapacitate men from fulfilling all the duties of citizenship. It is not demonstrably so evil and pernicious a thing, such a solvent of character and such a bar to progress, as to necessitate its being placed, like Mormonism or Nihilism, under the civil ban.

When forced to recognize this inherent weakness in their case, our non-Catholic adversaries fall back upon another argument for the proscription of Catholicism, and this, to judge from its constant exposition in the Press, must be taken as the very bed-rock of their refusal to grant us our full civil rights. Granting all we claim in regard to freedom of belief, and disclaiming, as well they may, any pretence to pure zeal for God's honour, these opponents put forward as a motive, the interests of the State. The Catholic Church, they say, is not only a religious but a political organization; its real aim is supremacy in both the spiritual and temporal orders; consequently, its members cannot be loyal citizens, because even in civil affairs

¹ The very acme of sectarian impudence was surely reached by a certain Sir R. Perks, M.P., who exclaimed on the occasion of the London Eucharistic Congress in 1908, "The Methodist people do not intend to have the Host carried through the streets of their cities." One is irresistibly reminded of the Three Tailors of Tooley Street.

they owe allegiance to a foreign power.¹ This is a subtle charge, calculated to enlist against Rome all the forces of nationality and patriotism, and to inspire men, who care nothing about religion, and know nothing about our particular creed, to oppose us as real or potential traitors. It is a charge the grounds of which are sought, partly in the past history of this land preserved in Protestant tradition, and partly in the contemporary history of Europe as narrated by non-Catholic newspapers. It is a charge which has been threshed out again and again in all the debates that accompanied the gradual abolition of the Penal Laws, and notably, in the great controversy between Mr. Gladstone and Cardinal Newman on the compatibility of the Vatican decrees with civil liberty. Finally, ever since the disruption of Christendom, it has been and is being made the grounds of the struggle between Church and State in various European countries.

The idea, of course, first took definite shape with the foundation by Henry VIII. of a national Church. It grew and thrived in the national consciousness on account of the various unsuccessful efforts of English Catholics to secure liberty of worship and the spiritual reunion of their country with Rome. It was dexterously developed by Elizabethan statesmen, and unwittingly fostered by the unwise policy of Mary Tudor and James II. It remains enshrined to-day in all non-Catholic histories of this country, written as they are, designedly at first, and later by mere effect of traditional prejudice, in defence and glorification of the Reformation. It has become almost axiomatic in the minds of our non-Catholic fellow-subjects. Some one has well said that false history and bad logic are the main supports of Protestantism in this land. As a consequence, it requires considerable study and a genuine effort on the part of the average Protestant to rid himself of a belief which was born with him and nurtured by all his subsequent education. And thus many who are in favour of admitting us to full citizenship take that line, not because they consider us innocent, but because they think us weak.

¹ The Protestant Alliance in its airy way outlaws us altogether. In the *Memorial* above quoted, it mentions us as "The Roman Catholics residing within his Majesty's Dominions," and in one of their best grammatical efforts they assure the King that "there may be twelve millions of Roman Catholics in Great or Greater Britain, but we deny their loyalty while the evidence of their disloyalty is so patent that we will not insult you by attempting to restate it here."

The liberties of England [said a *Times* leader on the occasion of the introduction of Mr. Redmond's Bill to remove Catholic Disabilities] have never been exposed to the same danger from Mahomedanism or Buddhism as they have from Roman Christianity; and although in this country the temporal claims of Roman Catholicism may be dormant they have never been abrogated.

Now, in making answer to all this, we must recognize very clearly that the charge of "incivism" brought against Catholics, although apparently based upon history past and present, really originates in a fundamental difference between the Catholic and Protestant conception of the nature of the Church and its relations with the civil State. As long as Protestants do not admit that the organization, which has its seat and head in the city of Rome and extends throughout the world, is the Kingdom of Christ, instituted by Him to perpetuate and apply the benefits of His Incarnation to all mankind, and divinely inspired, protected and guided to that end, they have no choice but to regard its action in this country as in some sense a usurpation, and the conduct of those who voluntarily submit to it as constructively unpatriotic. In that case, of course, they have to prove that in effect the State *is* the weaker for the membership of conscientious Catholics. The bizarre conception of a "national" Christianity, which is the logical refuge of those who reject the idea of a visible Church Universal, has made the Protestant mind incapable of grasping the purpose of Christ in founding His Kingdom. On the other hand, the Catholic doctrine is that both Church and State are creations of Almighty God, representing Him in different orders, and intended to work His purposes in harmony. Therefore, as a member of both Church and State, a citizen of Heaven as well as of earth, the Catholic has a twofold set of duties, which in their nature are not incompatible. His allegiance has a double, but not a diverse, object. If, then, a conflict of duties does arise, and loyalty seems to be divided, that must be because either Church or State is extending its authority beyond its proper sphere. We have no wish to deny that the Church, which is not guaranteed against error in its earthly policy, may have sometimes, through the fault of her officials, encroached on the domain of the State. The State often thinks so; the French Government, for instance, will tell you that she habitually does. But history records a thousand authentic instances of encroachment on the spiritual domain perpetrated

by the State, for one stretch of authority on the part of Church officials. It is notorious that civil Governments have constantly interfered with the rights of conscience, as our Government in the present instance is interfering with ours. The difficulty mostly arises from the fact that whereas there are purely spiritual questions like the interpretation of Scripture and purely temporal questions like Tariff Reform, there are also questions, like Marriage and Education, which belong to both orders. It is in these, generally, that Church and State are at variance, and if the State is non-Catholic, and does not accept the Church's supernatural claims, disagreement is all the more likely. Complete harmony cannot be attained unless both State and Church are ruled by the same consideration—the fulfilment of the whole divine purpose. Moreover, the range of these mixed questions is very wide: in fact, as Mr. Gladstone pointed out, most subjects have a moral aspect, and the Church claiming to be the guardian of morals, there is constant room for her interference. This seems to strike directly at the independence of the State, even in its own sphere, and to prevent Catholics giving a whole-hearted allegiance to the civil Government. How do we answer that?

By boldly denying that the civil Government has any right to the "whole-hearted allegiance" of any of its subjects, and stating that *de facto* it never receives it, at least from any true believer in the supernatural. "We must obey God rather than man." Human authority is necessarily limited by the rights of God, who alone can claim "whole-hearted allegiance" from His creatures. The sincere Protestant will promptly refuse obedience to the State, if in his opinion State regulations contravene the plain teachings of the Scriptures. We have not forgotten our friends, the Passive-Resisters. *Their* allegiance to the State is certainly not whole-hearted. For, mark. It is checked and conditioned by a Book, and that, too, a "foreign" Book, a Book written by certain Jewish converts a long time ago, before England was even an organized State. In this Book it is that the Protestant finds the expression and sanction of the moral law,—that divine code which so conditions and limits the authority of the State. Catholic and Protestant alike, our first duty is to obey conscience, interpreting to us the will of God. Now, the Protestant conscience learns a great deal about God's will from the divinely-inspired Bible, and the Catholic conscience has an additional source of information in

the divinely-inspired Church, both of which authorities are "foreign" to the State, in the sense that they represent a Power above and apart from the State. In the Bible the one, in Bible and Church the other, finds protection for the rights of conscience against that worst of tyrannies, State absolutism—the intrusion of the temporal power into the spiritual domain. It follows, then, that if the State in its ordinances adheres to the moral law, it will never find itself disobeyed by its Christian subjects. Catholics know that the Church speaking with authority can never enjoin any line of conduct at variance with that law, and if Protestants are not convinced of this fact, they can at any rate put it to the test of experience.

And here, no doubt, our Protestant opponent, armed with his history, will be ready enough to meet us. "Roman theory sounds right enough," he will say, "but I go by Roman practice. History has frequently shown that Catholics under the guidance or with the approval of their Church have been disloyal subjects: and in countries where that Church is still powerful, we have constant object-lessons that that is still their characteristic." To this we reply in the words of Montalembert that history since the Reformation has been one long conspiracy against the truth. We have acknowledged that in the struggle to preserve (not to enforce) Catholicity in this country some of its Catholic inhabitants, perhaps unwisely, sought to gain their object by foreign aid. Continental Protestants, we may note, in similar straits never scrupled to do the like. We have admitted, too, that in their efforts to do justice to their Catholic subjects, Mary Tudor and James II. sometimes acted arbitrarily and imprudently. What we do not grant is that it was ever the object of Catholics at home or abroad to bring their country in any fashion under the temporal sway of Rome. It never has been, it could not be, the policy of the Church to seek temporal dominion over the nations to which her subjects belong. Autonomous herself by God's decree, she respects the autonomy, also ordained by God, of the sovereign state. Christ's kingdom is not of this world.¹

We may here point out a certain controversial disadvantage under which we labour as belonging to a Church so ancient and

¹ We do not touch here on the Temporal Power of the Pope. The Papal Dominions were all acquired by just titles and could not be alienated without injustice. But the Pope's civil sovereignty over those States had no necessary connection with his office as spiritual sovereign of the faithful.

so wide-spread. Often-times our opponents make no distinction between the actions of men who are members of the Church and the action of the Church itself. The sins and the follies of our fathers are in a very literal sense visited on us their children. The average non-Catholic adversary, under the inspiration of those who make a living out of the practice, ranges the world and surveys the ages, armed with three very simple canons of controversy. The first is—*Rome never changes*: therefore, whatever Romanists have done in the past they are ready, given occasion, to do again. The second is—*The wickedness of Romanists is due to their creed and their Church*, whereas, of course, the Protestant faith leads only to perfect living. And the third—*No Romanist is to be believed, least of all when explaining Romish doctrines*, which accordingly are best understood from Protestant text-books. And, further, in applying these rules our historical student makes no allowance for differences of mental or social development, no distinction between conduct and principle: he seizes upon every scandal, every false theory, every sample of ignorance or hypocrisy or pride, and calls them typical: he confounds the utterances of some perfervid orator, some half-educated mystic or some adventurous speculator with the scientific statements of theology: he takes the rare diseases of our moral pathologies as tokens of normal Catholic life; he makes no account of safeguards or qualifications; he holds up to scorn the innumerable devotional vagaries and superstitions of the ignorant and presumptuous, mixing up cause and effect or cause and occasion, and reading everything in the light of his own narrow modern prejudices. Then out comes his triumphant syllogism—"Here we have the results of Romish principles. But Rome never changes, *Ergo*."

This is manifestly unfair. We are not being judged on our own merits or by our own conduct. The crimes, the mistakes, the follies, the excesses of the whole of Catholic Christendom, in its stumbling progress towards fuller light and more perfect understanding, from the very beginning till now, are gathered together and heaped on our shoulders. The result is that the whole feeling against us at present rests on things in which we had no share and which are not the fruits of our principles, on deeds belonging to antiquity, on facts imperfectly recorded and motives unwarrantably surmised. No one can prove that our personal conduct as citizens, as soldiers, as

merchants or professional men, as politicians, as writers, as payers of rates and taxes, as teachers of children, as labourers for the poor in the cause of social reform, as mothers and fathers of families, falls below that of any other class of our fellow-subjects who owe no allegiance to the Pope of Rome. When they can show that our faith, and our allegiance to its guardian, actually make us worse members of the State than non-Catholics, then let our adversaries penalize us. If we are all they say, traitors to God and to country alike, we deserve much worse treatment than we receive. But they cannot produce a single contemporary instance of a Catholic, because a Catholic, being disloyal to the State, or of a Catholic authority teaching disloyalty.

Thus, once again, our assailants have to shift their ground, and they take their last stand on what we *might do* under other circumstances. We deserve to be punished for our ancestors' misdeeds, because we profess our ancestors' principles, and, given like occasion, would act as they did. Therefore the shackles must be kept on *ad cautelam*.

"Well, then," we might retort, "be consistent." If men *are* to be punished for their beliefs, irrespective of their conduct, why does not the State ban Socialists, whose tenets are subversive of the whole present order, or the advocates of "cheaper divorce" whose views would disintegrate the very foundations of the community? The Socialist, "given occasion," would destroy private property and abolish family life. Yet now because he pays his taxes and behaves himself, his views are no obstacle to his advancement, social or political. However that may be, it would seem that here at last we come to the real innermost source of that panic fear of Rome, which makes some stalwart Protestants take up such ridiculous and humiliating attitudes. The Spanish Inquisition and the fires of Smithfield, even as remote historical phantoms, have so got upon their nerves that they dread to find them realized. It is useless to assure them that the conditions of civil society, which made torture as a part of judicial procedure and death as a punishment for purely religious opinions seem not only tolerable but natural, have passed away altogether and for ever. The Church, officered as she is by human agents, necessarily follows in her external policy the ideas and practices current in the various countries at each particular stage of the world's history. These accidents of time and place must not be

considered part of the essentials of Catholicism. We are just as likely to see boiling-alive restored as the statutory penalty for coin-clipping¹ as ever to see again officials of the Church advocating mediæval severities against rebellious members of her flock. That is the trouble with our opponents. They make no effort to realize that Rome *does* change, that the Church on her human side alters with the world, not only in the sense that she has to treat men as she finds them, but because her members are necessarily children of their age. Thus, many of the judicial forms of the Inquisition are as abhorrent to the modern Catholic's sense of justice as they are to any Protestant's. They were used, not because the tribunal was Catholic, but because it was mediæval. Again, in spite of explanations reiterated to weariness, many will not understand that the words "heretics" and "heresy," which occur in so many of the Church's denunciatory formulas, have no reference whatever to conscientious non-Catholics and apply only to those who reject what they know to be the truth. Thus Catholic doctrine, which would actually condemn a *bona fide* Protestant if he were to risk the disturbance of his (objectively erroneous) faith by attending, for instance, a Catholic course of sermons, is wantonly misrepresented. Moreover, they cannot conceive of a state of things in which the State itself considered open and obstinate heresy a crime against civil order. And hence the Protestant press is filled with lurid pictures of past ecclesiastical severities as samples of what will come upon England when Catholics regain their full civil status! There is no arguing with these panic-stricken minds: all we can tell them is that, if their fears are well-grounded, the present disabilities cannot protect them.

But apart from these follies of fanatical controversy, there remains a certain mistrust in more educated minds, who know that the past action of the Church in making use of physical force with the help of the Christian State against her rebellious subjects has been defended theoretically by modern, as well as by mediæval, canon-lawyers. As long as these theories are upheld, they think there *is* a danger, infinitely remote though it be, of the fires of Smithfield being rekindled. Would it not be a satisfactory solution of the whole affair, they suggest, if the modern Church would disallow any such claim in her name even within the narrow limits to which it was confined? Well,

¹ That was the penalty for that particular crime up to the age of Charles II.

of course, no private individual can answer for the Church, who is the best judge, not only of her own meaning, but of the advisability at any particular time of making it more definite. But we may hazard a conjecture that the Church, one of these days, will make abundantly clear that mediæval Inquisition methods are not the expression of her real spirit. There are many signs pointing in that direction, and it perhaps will surprise those who have judged her attitude from the oft-quoted opinions of certain modern canonists to know that the question of her use of physical constraint is still an open one: she allows it to be freely discussed, and some recent authors, with the approval of ecclesiastical authorities, strongly maintain that the coercive power, which by God's ordinance belongs to the Church as a perfect society, is confined to the infliction of spiritual penalties merely.¹ The weapons of her warfare are not carnal.² And so it cannot be said that the Church teaches authoritatively that power to inflict vindictive punishment of a physical character belongs to her essence as an independent society. She still permits her theologians to argue for and against that view in the abstract: it is a question in any case which has no practical relation to the present state of affairs in the world, nor, judging by the course of history, to any possible state of affairs in the future. These speculations belong to the internal discipline of the Church, not to her dealings with the modern non-Catholic world. Nothing but the exigencies of an illogical case could suggest their application to the question of Catholic Disabilities. Moreover, the Church's claim to punish her recalcitrant subjects rests, as things are, on the subject's recognition of her divine character. If her children can cease, without sin, to believe in her—we are not asserting that they can—even her spiritual penalties cannot touch them.

It remains to say a word about the contemporary action of the Church in other countries, which is constantly being brought up against us in the press as a proof of the real spirit of Catholicism. As regards that objection, there are several things to notice—First, we are not concerned to defend all that ecclesiastical authorities do in other lands, for in matters of external policy and discipline mistakes may be made, as they have been in the past. So every charge must be examined on its merits, with due regard to different circumstances, such

¹ See Vacandard, *The Inquisition*, pp. 251 et seq., where a number of authorities are cited in this sense, and where previous pronouncements of the Holy See are shown to be capable of this interpretation.

² 2 Cor. x. 4.

as the existence of concordats, national characteristics, &c. Secondly, it may be broadly stated that no charge against the Church which appears in the secular Press is to be accepted on newspaper evidence alone; the foreign agencies and correspondents are all non-Catholic, and many anti-Catholic, and their "intelligence" is biassed accordingly.¹ In regard, therefore, to the alleged interference of ecclesiastics with purely political matters abroad, we simply say that such interference must first be proved and that, if proved, it cannot have the Church's sanction, because it is at variance with her doctrine that "all power is from God," and that civil authority is independent in its own sphere. Therefore, it may be lawfully resisted.

I have now, I hope, shown in sufficient detail that the alleged incompatibility of the profession of Catholicism with civil allegiance has no foundation in fact, and that therefore the civil penalties attached to that profession are unjustifiable. The State of which we are members has no right to penalize us because we believe one form of Christianity and reject the rest. It is no part of the State's business to judge dogmatically that one form is true rather than another. Nor can our full rights be refused on the ground that we are disloyal in fact or theory. The law takes cognizance, not of speculative opinions, but of overt acts, and in any case the whole influence of the Catholic Church is on the side of civil order and submission to lawful authority. Nor again, because our ancestors in different circumstances strove, against the wish of the Government, to maintain the ancient Faith in these islands. We claim to be judged by our own conduct and on our own merits. Nor finally because of the speculations of canonists as to the exact powers belonging to the Church in an ideal order of Society. Whatever such powers may be, it is certain that here she can never exercise more than moral constraint, which from the nature of the case only touches believers in her claims. Our plea, then, is for simple justice, for the removal of an unmerited stigma on our loyalty as citizens and our faith as Catholics.

J. K.

¹ We have read a great deal, for instance, about a certain oath taken by the Queen of Spain at her coronation, denouncing Protestantism, &c. Now it is a certain fact that the Queen of Spain was never crowned, no more than the King himself, ceremonial coronation not belonging to Spanish usage. The private protestation against heresy which she made on her reception into the Church, a conscientious avowal of personal belief, which is grossly travestied in low Protestant publications, has no possible analogy with the political Royal Declaration.

"The Holy Donkey."

IN this Review for April I gave the history, so far as it could then be traced, of an interesting addition to English Protestant mythology, brought into prominence by Miss Emma Miller, of Exeter. Since that date a flood of light has been thrown on the subject by various correspondents, learned and otherwise, and it may be that those who followed the Holy Donkey until it became lost in obscurity, may like to have a summary of its reappearance in the light of day.

But first I must apologize to Miss Miller for an error into which I inadvertently fell, and which she thinks I should "take steps to publicly correct." Writing to the *Tablet* of June 4th, Miss Miller says:

I wrote [to Mr. Britten] pointing out that what he calls "the main feature of my lecture," and upon which he largely based his remarks, arose from these mistakes in the newspaper reports which had been publicly corrected some time before his article appeared.

I fear Miss Miller will regard me as one more example of the way in which Popery deadens the intellect, but I cannot for the life of me see how the donkey—to which I referred as "the main feature" of her lecture—*can* have arisen from "mistakes in the newspaper reports" published after the lecture had been delivered. But if she means that the donkey was not the main feature, I gladly, not having heard the lecture, withdraw the imputation, merely pointing out that the reporter seems to have shared my opinion, as he devoted a quarter of his space to the animal, crushing into the remainder "Mariolatry, the Cult of St. Joseph and St. Anne, and the Decay of the Church of Rome"—subjects which formed the title of the discourse.

The correspondence to which the lecture gave rise occupied many columns in the *Exeter Express*, and did not conclude until the end of March. Miss Miller, with the discursiveness which characterizes Protestant controversy, maintained her position by references to the "Santa Bambino," "the skull cap of

St. Genarius," the Roman Breviary (of which "Rome in the 20th century has been forced to issue an expurgated edition"); and at last, in triumphant small capitals, announced :

"I CLAIM THAT I HAVE LOCATED THE SHRINE!"

It can hardly be said that in writing thus Miss Miller exhibits undue modesty, seeing that her "claim" is based entirely upon two letters sent her by Mr. Acland Troyte from Pastor Silva and Dr. Alexander Robertson. How far these letters, even admitting their accuracy in every detail, substantiate Miss Miller's "claim" will be examined later; meanwhile there can be no doubt as to the satisfaction of her employers with their "Mission Secretary's vindication." Even before Dr. Robertson had come to her aid, the Protestant Reformation Society had seen in the correspondence in the *Express* "an unconscious tribute to Miss Miller's accuracy and to her power in the West;"¹ her "determination to let in a flood of light upon [the Romanists'] work and its consequences" was followed by "an outburst of invective:" her "inability to locate the church is made the text of vituperation of the kind familiar to those acquainted with the Romish controversy." The notice concludes with a sentence which I hardly like to reproduce :

Miss Miller will doubtless regard the onslaught as unwilling testimony to the genuineness of her work for Christ, and will appropriate the blessing He pronounced upon those who are reviled falsely for His sake.

As if this were not sufficient, the Executive Committee of the Society sent Miss Miller a resolution expressing "their sincere sympathy with her in the unjust attacks which have recently been made upon her veracity and the misrepresentations to which she has lately been subjected;" they "have always found [her] to be entirely reliable and trustworthy in her statements and representations;"² while Provost Hobson, of Exeter, who "ventured to break a lance with Miss Miller in the public press . . . has discovered that Miss Miller's knowledge of Romanism is more accurate and full than his own."³

¹ *Work and Witness*, "the Official Organ of the Protestant Reformation Society," April, 1910, pp. 41, 42.

² *English Churchman*, April 7, 1910.

³ *Work and Witness*, p. 47. The statements of Miss Miller in the July number of *Work and Witness*, which comes to hand while this article is passing through the press, throw a curious light upon her reliability and accuracy. She says that I had

It is manifestly only fair that Miss Miller should state exactly what she "claims" to "have proved;" this she has done in the *Catholic Times* for April 8th, and I cannot do better than quote her own words:

The point of the argument is this: that the ass on which our Lord rode was, and is still, an object of veneration and adoration in the Roman Catholic Church; on a good Roman Catholic authority I have proved that this ass went to Verona (it may have stopped at Lighorno on its way), was worshipped while it lived, had its image carved in olive wood when it died, that inside this image its skin and tail were placed, that it was carried about in procession till 1866, that it is still in the "chapel," that each Palm Sunday it is brought out of that "chapel" on to the altar itself for the veneration and adoration of "the faithful." The very fact that it is placed on the altar proves that it is considered a holy thing. That "Lighorno was mentioned instead of Verona," that a "church" was mentioned instead of "a chapel" are details that do not touch the main issue. I claim that I have made out my case.

This summary follows an abstract of the two letters upon which Miss Miller relies, one of which I now proceed to consider. That from Pastor Silva may be passed over, as it contains nothing of importance that is not found in Dr. Robertson's.

Dr. Robertson's letter contains evidence of two kinds—historical and personal: the former he takes from "F. D. Guerrazzi, of Leghorn, a celebrated statesman and writer—a Roman Catholic, not a Protestant—who lived from 1804 to 1873;" the latter is from his own observations in the Church of Santa Maria degli Organi at Verona. The kindness of Mr. Montgomery Carmichael (also of Leghorn, who is emphatic as to the non-existence of the donkey in that town) supplied me with information, not only with regard to Guerrazzi but as to the sources from which that author had drawn his narrative; but as Father Thurston anticipated me in this part of my summary by an article in the *Tablet* for April 30th, I cannot do better than epitomize his researches.

my "articles"—there was but one—"published in pamphlet form." I myself told her that the article had *not* been so published, in reply to her letter asking me for more copies. As to her "expostulating and correcting letter," I have referred to the only correction needed in my paper: in that letter she said, "It was never alleged by me, *nor by any one else as far as I know*, that the Holy Donkey was a living donkey," upon which "a beautiful maiden rode;" now the *Protestant Observer*, from which, as she told me in her letter (undated), she quoted in her lecture, speaks of "a beautiful maiden seated on a young donkey"! Miss Miller "considers it wiser not to respond" to the letters in which Father Thurston and I exposed her inaccuracies, and I am delighted to be able to concur in her view of the position.

The history of the donkey, according to Dr. Robertson, "is taken from a book entitled *L'Asino*," and he quotes it as if Guerrazzi were writing in his own person. But Guerrazzi is careful to place the narration in the mouth of the ass, and, moreover, "gives a plain reference to the author from whom he took it—a reference which Dr. Robertson entirely suppresses." This author—Francis Maximilian Misson (1650?—1722), a Huguenot who became naturalized in England—wrote an account of the donkey which is clearly the foundation of that given by Guerrazzi; his preposterous fiction was at once denounced by Casimir Fresnois, who, in the Preface to his *Remarques Historiques et Critiques* (Cologne, 1705) writes:

Que pourroit répondre aujourd'hui M. Misson à ceux qui le feroit réfléchir sur les pauvretés qu'il rapporte cà & là dans son Voyage d'Italie, & qui font rire ses Lecteurs un peu instruits, non pas des sottises incroyables dont il s'est chargé, mais de la crédulité avec laquelle il les a reçû? Il reconnoit lui-même qu'il s'apercevoit qu'on le trompoit en beaucoup des choses: pourquoi cette connoissance ne le rendoit-elle pas plus retenu à croire ce qui choquoit les lumières les plus foibles du bon sens, & les notions les plus communes de la raison? La fable p. e. de l'Ane de Verone, dont il décrit les voyages, l'heureuse fin, l'apothéose, & les honneurs religieux, qu'il assure qu'on lui rend en cette Ville, est-elle pardonnable à un homme, qui ait la moindre discernement? Et n'estoit il pas plus naturel de traiter le Marchand François, qu'il dit en avoir fait le récit, de frippon, qui cherchoit à lui en imposer, que de prendre pour des Anes (car ils le seroient & seroient encore plus qu'ânes) tout ce qu'il y a de gens sages & habiles, tant Ecclesiastiques que Séculiers dans Verone, qui verroient & souffriroient les mommeries et les superstitions sacrilèges, avec lesquelles il écrit qu'on le porte en procession comme une chose sacrée?

Whether Misson was the victim of a hoax or the author of a mischievous fabrication it is impossible to say, but there can be no doubt as to the prompt repudiation of his fictions by those who were in a position to know the truth. An English writer, Edward Wright, who published his *Observations made in Travelling* in 1730, describes the Verona donkey as having been "cut in wood about four hundred years ago by a friar of the convent": as Father Thurston says, it is plain that Misson's story was in Wright's mind, for he adds that "it is related by some that the remains of the ass that carried Our Saviour are pretended to be within the Body of this;" but he is careful to say: "But that was not said to us by the Person who showed

it," and the account of its making by a friar of the convent seems to preclude the existence of such a tradition.

But even more conclusive is Father Thurston's quotation from the *Verona Illustrata* (1731) of the Marquis Scipio Maffei, an antiquary of great authority and a man of the highest character. Having referred to Misson's "wonderful discovery," he continues—I quote Father Thurston's translation—

A more shameless fabrication, a more ridiculous imposture, or a more stupid piece of buffoonery, never came into the mind of man. The simple facts are these. Amongst other pious statues and images in the church is to be seen a wooden statue of Our Saviour represented as He made His entry into Jerusalem, *i.e.*, seated upon an ass and in the act of blessing the people. . . . Misson and his imitators, without a shadow of reason, pretend that the people of Verona have no idea of venerating the figure of Our Saviour, but only the donkey on which He is riding. This fable is just as well founded as the accusation of ass-worship levelled against the early Christians. Misson, to give some sort of verisimilitude to his imaginations, has invented the story that the ass, having travelled to Italy, came to die at Verona, and that its remains were enshrined inside this hollow figure.

As to Guerrazzi, Dr. Robertson takes pains to point out that he was "a Roman Catholic, not a Protestant," and this statement is echoed and amplified by the Doctor's followers: Miss Miller, for example, speaks of him as "a Roman Catholic writer of repute"—it is certain she never heard of him before Dr. Robertson's letter—and adds that the story as related by him is "the tradition *generally received*, with possible variations in different localities" (!)¹ Father Thurston points out that it is only in the sense that Voltaire and Garibaldi can be described as Roman Catholics that Guerrazzi can be placed in that category; "he was a friend of Mazzini, and always more or less of a conspirator and in opposition to the powers that be," and he did not receive Catholic burial.

Before proceeding to consider Dr. Robertson's account of what he saw, it may be well to state the true history and position of the donkey, and this is not difficult. A correspondent of the *Catholic Times* wrote to the Cardinal Archbishop of Verona on the subject, and his Eminence's secretary "most willingly" replied in a letter dated March 31st, of which a translation appeared in that paper for April 8th:

There is in Verona the Church of S. Maria in Organo, which from

¹ *Catholic Times*, April 8th.

1444 to 1807 was served by the Olivetan monks of the Order of St. Benedict.

It is a ridiculous and silly hoax to say that there exists in this church an altar dedicated to the donkey. The origin of this stupid calumny was as follows. The Olivetan monks used to celebrate every year with great solemnity on Palm Sunday the triumphal entry of Christ into Jerusalem. In order to represent this fact described in the Gospels they had (and it is still preserved in a shrine on an altar on the right-hand side of the main altar) a wooden image, which is a work of the fourteenth century representing Christ on a donkey, life-size. Even to-day this image is unveiled on the evening of the Saturday before Palm Sunday, and remains unveiled until the following evening, when it is again covered with a veil. During this time, by a custom which has obtained for centuries, the following inscription is affixed to the doors of the church: "To-day is commemorated and honoured the triumphal entry of Christ into Jerusalem."

In consequence of this Protestants have seized the opportunity of accusing Catholics of worshipping a donkey! As to the hoax about the skin and the tail, &c., it is nothing but a figment of their imagination. . . . We have St. George and St. Martin on horseback, St. Antony with the pig, St. Roch with the dog, &c.—and yet no one has ever dreamt of accusing Catholics of worshipping these beasts.

Do Protestants who, in Italy, see monuments dedicated to Victor Emmanuel or Garibaldi on horseback, say that the Italians honour and build monuments to horses?

Pastor Silva, on being appealed to by Miss Miller, does his best to discredit this simple straightforward account; this he mainly does by reassertion without proof, as will be seen from his letter published in the *Catholic Times* for April 29th.

Dr. Robertson's personal evidence is valuable in that he described the figure of our Lord which is seated upon the donkey, and supplied a photograph of the statue, which is reproduced in the *English Churchman* of March 24th and elsewhere. It will be remembered that none of the accounts upon which Miss Miller relied make any mention of this figure of our Lord, yet its presence entirely alters the significance of the statue, and explains its bringing forward on Palm Sunday—the analogy of the Christmas crib will at once occur to the reader. Like Newman's "Scripture-reader," Dr. Robertson is accurate—on this occasion—so long as he describes what he actually saw; but he soon relapses into inaccuracy, as when he says the donkey is hollow¹—a statement evidently contradicted

¹ In the *English Churchman* for March 24th he amplifies this statement: "This figure is hollow, and inside it was, and perhaps still is, the skin of the real donkey, minus the tail."

by the account of its making already quoted. More characteristic are his statements that the donkey was "carried about in procession *for worship*" up to 1866, and that it is now placed "*for adoration and worship*," and "exhibited *for veneration and adoration*" on the altar on Palm Sunday. Even this, however, he modifies in a somewhat odd sentence:

I daresay not many worshipped it, but it was an object of curiosity to many, as it is only thus shown at this season of the year, and there happened to be a great Horse Show at Verona at the time, so many strangers were in the town, not a few from England.¹

Before leaving Dr. Robertson, it may be well to note that, as one whose glory is in his shame, he still champions the filthy *Asino*, whose aid he invoked in his latest book.² Says this representative of the United Free Church of Scotland:

It is a live donkey, not a dead one, and it kicks, and kicks well. The objects it kicks at are the ignorances and superstitions, the falsehoods and impostures, that form to a large extent the stock-in-trade of Holy Mother Church in Italy . . . it kicks out of darkness into the light of day the impure teachings of the Church.³

Then follows an anecdote which I repeat here in order that it may attract the attention of those who are not likely to see it where it originally appears:

The Roman Catholic Church wants to possess itself of this "Unholy Donkey." The Hon. Guido Podrecca, its master, a member of the Italian House of Deputies, was approached some time ago by an agent of the Vatican, who offered to buy it up by paying to Podrecca some half a million lire. Signor Podrecca said he would accept their offer, but, he added, "I warn you that with this money I shall erect a lay school and endow it, and I shall carve over its main door in large letters these words: 'Erected by money given by the priests for the suppression of the truth.'"

So far as I have been able to ascertain, no disclaimer of Dr. Robertson's alliance with the *Asino* has yet appeared on behalf of the Presbyterian Church. It is indeed to be feared that Protestants are more ready than one would willingly believe to ally themselves with the most degraded associates in their insane hatred of the Catholic Church. In *Rome* for May 7th, I find the following:

The following extract from the *Bastone*, the Catholic opponent of

¹ *English Churchman*, April 21, 1910.

² See *THE MONTH*, April, 1910, p. 385.

³ *English Churchman*, April 21st.

the pornographic *L'Asino*, of Rome under the date of February 13, 1910, speaks for itself. Under the heading, "The Protestants and *L'Asino*," we read:

"With this title, in the last number of *L'Asino*, 9th inst, Guido Podrecca reproduces an article from *L'Evangelista*, organ of the Methodists of Rome, in which *L'Asino* is well praised and found worthy that the Methodists give it the hand. Among other expressions of approval, we read the following: 'There are fields of common activity in which we can give each other the hand of brotherhood in the holy war against the heresy and darkness of Romanism.'"¹

Whether it be true, as has lately been stated, that the Italian Government has appointed a commission to discuss the application to proceed against Podrecca for his outrages on decency, I do not know; but it is noteworthy that Dr. Robertson, in his defence of the *Asino*, speaks of the Italian anti-clericals as the "best friends" of the Government, and adds:

If Italy were not anti-clerical, it would not now be existing as a happy and prosperous nation, progressing in morality and true piety.

But apart altogether from his connection with the *Asino*, Dr. Robertson has shown throughout this correspondence such an extraordinary combination of vulgarity and bad taste which makes one wonder how he can be accepted by any congregation as a source of spiritual guidance and enlightenment. Take for example the concluding paragraph of his first letter, with its Hortonian inferences, in which he testifies to the "absolute accuracy" of Miss Miller's account (the italics are mine):

This then is the final resting place of the "holy donkey." But *no doubt traces of its pilgrimage*, from Southern to Northern Italy, *are still*

¹ Since writing the above, I sent a copy of my former article, with a number of the *Asino*, to a prominent and deservedly respected member of the Presbyterian body. I extract the following from his letter of acknowledgment: "A friend visiting us a week ago had the volume which you refer to, and showed it to me. My first impression was that the illustrations were a mistake, but when I read what was his purpose in using them, I was satisfied that I was wrong. His purpose was to show what the Church of Rome had done for the people of Italy. Do you think that any paper dealing in such a way with matters held sacred by the majority of people in Britain would secure a large and profitable circulation here? Our fellow-countrymen are not so debased as to be indifferent to such a proceeding: the people would rise up against it. That it is not so in Italy is Dr. Robertson's point, and the illustrations for this purpose are most apposite. No doubt the cartoons in *L'Asino* you sent me must be most offensive to members of the Church of Rome, but they cannot be more offensive than the 'graven image' of the Lord used in their worship and exposed in their streets is to me and to all Evangelical Protestants" (!)

to be found, and one such place is that mentioned by Miss Miller.¹ Possibly even the same "holy donkey" may exist in some of these places, for just as the Church has sanctioned four bodies to Mary Magdalene, five to St. Andrew, and eleven to St. Pancras, why should she not in like manner multiply the body of the "holy donkey"? Thus *Miss Miller's account* of the "holy donkey" is absolutely correct, and the "real donkies" [*sic*] are those who have sneered at her statements, thus showing their ignorance of the "Animal Saints" (of which there are very many) of their own Church. I think they must have been taking a sip from the bottle of "Egyptian Darkness," which is preserved in a church at Cologne!

Surely even Protestant credulity must be staggered by the opening sentence of his article in the *English Churchman* of March 24th:

The saints of the Roman Catholic army are many and various, including dogs, sheep, spiders, mice, deer, crows, cats, pigs, grasshoppers, frogs, lions, wolves, bears, cocks, hens, and last but not least donkeys.

A friend well known in Venetian society assures me that whatever position Protestants in England may accord to this defamer of the brethren, those in Venice are by no means admirers of his style of controversy; the marvel is that even Protestant bigotry can stoop to avail itself of his services and of those of his fitting colleague, Signor Podrecca. It is in England that Dr. Robertson has his market, and he knows how to suit himself to the requirements of his customers. Of this a striking example is furnished by his article contributed to the *Pall Mall Magazine* for December, 1903, on "The New Pope"—an article which does not contain a single sentence, or even a word, to which a Catholic could take exception. When Patriarch of Venice, Dr. Robertson tells us, the Holy Father

was accessible to all, he was affable with all, he was ready to serve all, he was equable in temper and cheerful in disposition, he was manly in appearance, was a good speaker, and had a splendid memory for people and their affairs, and these qualities account to a large extent for his success.

How different is this from the account prepared for his Protestant public and his friends of the *Asino*—

¹ It will not be forgotten that "Lighorno"—the "place mentioned by Miss Miller," not only in her lecture but in her letter in the *Catholic Times* quoted above, has not been and apparently cannot be identified.

The Pope, as every one knows, is a very common man, low-born, uneducated, unread, and untravelled.¹

Since the days when the *Rock* recommended the perusal of Littledale's *Plain Reasons* "to his ritualistic namesake," it may be doubted whether the same pen has produced utterances so opposed in spirit as these of the representative of Presbyterianism in Venice.

In conclusion, it seems desirable to show exactly how far Miss Miller's claim to have "located the shrine" and to have established the existence of the donkey has been substantiated. The story, on which she based the account given in her lecture, will be found in full in this Review for April, p. 383; it may be epitomized thus:

There is (1) at Lighorno (2) a "Church of the Holy Donkey" containing (3) its statue and (4) its grave: on the façade of the church there is (5) a large plate of bronze, bearing a lengthy inscription. On Palm Sunday each year (6) the streets are decorated, (7) the church is illuminated; there is (8) a procession of "priests, monks, bishops, archbishops, cardinals, and sisters of charity," preceding (9) a "beautiful maiden" seated upon an ass; finally (10) "High Mass is celebrated in honour of the illustrious ass."

This detailed statement is supposed to have been verified by the discovery—not at "Lighorno," but at Verona—of a figure of our Lord seated on an ass: in this and in this alone consists what the *English Churchman* calls "the overwhelming evidence supplied by Dr. Robertson in proof of Miss Miller's assertions"! Dedication, grave, tablet, procession, "beautiful maiden," High Mass—for these there is no scintilla of evidence, nor has any one even pretended to adduce any. "The Roman Catholic Church," Dr. Robertson says, "is very partial to donkeys"; but her donkeys fade into insignificance in view of the herds which snuff up the wind of Protestant calumny and credulity.

It must not, however, be supposed that the Protestant Alliance is going to abandon this latest addition to its stock of myths. The *Catholic Times* in March challenged the Protestant Alliance to produce proof of the donkey's existence, and on the 8th of April published the letter of the secretary of the Cardinal Archbishop of Verona which has already been quoted.

¹ *The Papal Conquest*, p. 226.

This did not prevent the *Protestant Alliance Magazine* from opening its May issue with an article headed :

THE "HOLY DONKEY"

NOT A MYTH, BUT A ROMAN CATHOLIC PET.

PROOF OF ITS EXISTENCE CONFIRMED :

and it had the effrontery to preface Dr. Robertson's letter by saying :

It is remarkable that the Protestant Alliance should be called upon by the R.C. authorities to prove the existence of the "Holy Donkey," one of their pet idols of veneration. The following testimony should convince any unbiassed person of the veracity of our article on the subject—

an article not one single statement of which, as has been shown above, has been substantiated !

Nor is Miss Miller ashamed to glory in the utilization, in the cause of Protestantism, of the grotesque fiction to which she stands *in loco parentis*. "The story of the donkey," she tells us, "seems to have penetrated to the remotest villages in Devonshire, and done harm to the Roman and good to the Protestant cause [I wonder !]. A very godly colporteur assured me last week that 'the Donkey' has given him splendid openings for Protestant talks in the villages he visits."¹

Moreover, the original author of the narrative, a reverend gentleman of Toronto, whose name we now learn for the first time, has no intention of withdrawing it : the *Monthly Record of the Protestant Evangelical Mission* for May reprints the following paragraph from the *Toronto Daily Star* of April 18th :

Last fall the *Star* published a communication from Rev. George M. Atlas, which purported to describe the Church of the Holy Donkey at the city of Lighorno, Italy. The story therein set forth was widely quoted in the Old Land, and indignantly denied by the Roman Catholic press. . . . Mr. Atlas still maintains that the church he described exists at Lighorno, despite the numerous contradictions offered :

and Mr. Connellan's magazine, *The Catholic*, for June, reprints a letter sent by Mr. Atlas to the *Toronto Sentinel* of April 21st, in which he says :

The story which I told, while agreeing in the main with that of Dr. Robertson [!] differs from it in some particulars, this is owing to the fact that just as there are numerous churches dedicated to any one saint, so there are several dedicated to the holy donkey. Dr. Robertson describes the one at Verona ; I spoke of the one at Leghorn.

¹ *Work and Witness*, July, p. 60.

Mr. Connellan adds that "the same prolific writer contributes another paper on the subject to the *Sentinel* of April 28th;" and Mr. Connellan himself, at the annual meeting of the Alliance, told the legend of the Holy Donkey as narrated in the *English Churchman*, and asked, "Why does not the Pope suppress this cult?"¹

It would be pleasant if one could conclude this investigation with an expression of belief that it would impress upon Miss Miller in particular, and upon the agents, paid or unpaid, of Protestant societies in general, the necessity of something like evidence for their statements and caution in making them. In the present instance, Miss Miller, without any attempt to substantiate it, grabbed at a statement copied in an anti-Catholic magazine from a Canadian paper, made it her own, and, when challenged, attempted to justify it. Failing to do this in any one particular, she nevertheless claims to have succeeded, and her fellow-Protestants congratulate her on her success! It is sixty years since Newman delivered his lecture on "Fable the Basis of the Protestant View," and fable still remains its basis. But this had been recognized a century and a half before; and I cannot do better than conclude this paper with another extract—relating primarily to Misson, the inventor of the donkey legend, but of general application to Protestant fiction-mongers—from the *Remarques Historiques et Critiques* already quoted. Having recorded his surprise that Misson, who had expressed disbelief in a generally-received tradition, should yet accept "un conte qui ne lui peut avoir été débité que par une personne extrêmement grossiere, ou qui ait pris plaisir à le tromper," Fresnois continues:

Cela arrive assez souvent, comme je l'ai observé moi-même, en quelques occasions, ou les étrangers Protestans venant pour s'informer des particularitez, qui rendent quelques lieux considérables parmi les Catholiques Romains, ne manquent gueres de rencontrer des personnes, qui prennent plaisir à leur en conter pour attrapper leur argent; sachant bien que plus ils leur conteront des sottises, tendant à rendre le Catholicisme ridicule, ils en feront mieux leurs affaires. Ces Messieurs s'en retournent ensuite chez eux, tout glorieux de ces admirables découvertes, qu'ils assèrent de tenir de la propre bouche & confession des Catholiques mêmes, dont ils font ensuite d'importantes railleries sur la stupidité des gens, qui se laissent si grossièrement abuser dans leur Religion. (ii. 87).

JAMES BRITTEN.

¹ *English Churchman*, May 5th.

Faith Healing and the Origins of Lourdes.

I.

IF it be true that the world in the last fifty years has grown notably less religious, it must also be allowed as a set-off against this that a broad-minded spirit of inquiry into all kinds of religious beliefs is now much more common than it used to be. A recent issue of the *British Medical Journal*—the number for June 18, 1910—which is given up almost entirely to a discussion of the problem of Faith Healing, illustrates very well the habit of mind which is at present most prevalent among scientific men. The very fact that such a topic should be debated in the leading medical newspaper by half a dozen or more of the most eminent surgeons and physicians of this country¹ is itself sufficiently remarkable, and while, as we shall see, some of the frequent references to the wonders of Lourdes which occur in the course of these articles are distinctly open to objection, the general tone of the writers is such as no reasonable Catholic, profoundly as he may differ from the whole point of view, can regard as intolerant or offensive. However unflattering it may be to find the miracles of Lourdes treated as merely the counterparts of the cures effected by Christian Science, it is impossible not to welcome a discussion which points to a growing consciousness in medical circles of the need of fuller inquiry.

I have said, however, or at least implied, that there are certain references to Lourdes to which those devout believers who are at all conversant with the history of that famous shrine are bound to take exception. Most of these occur in

¹ The contributors are Sir Clifford Allbutt, K.C.B., M.D., F.R.S., Regius Professor of Physic, Cambridge; Sir Henry Morris, Bart., F.R.C.S., ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons; Mr. H. T. Butlin, F.R.C.S., D.C.L., LL.D., President of the Royal College of Surgeons and President-elect of the British Medical Association; William Osler, M.D., F.R.S., Regius Professor of Medicine, Oxford; Dr. T. Claye Shaw, F.R.C.P., Emeritus Lecturer on Psychological Medicine at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and Dr. James Rorie, Lecturer on Mental Disease, University College, Dundee. To these are added sundry editorial articles on "Mental Healing," "Medicine and Miracles," and kindred topics, together with a review of Berthold Kern's *Psychische Krankenbehandlung*.

the article of Sir Henry Morris, ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons, which is entitled, "Suggestion in the Treatment of Disease." Seeing the wide circulation of the *British Medical Journal* and the high standing of the writer, it seems worth while to devote some little space to the discussion of the imputations Sir Henry Morris has made in terms which the editor of the *Journal* himself describes as "not gentle."

In two sections of this communication,¹ which bear the sub-headings, "History of Lourdes and Former Shrines," and "The Relation of Miracle Cures to the Doctrine of the Immaculate Conception," the writer we refer to has embarked upon an historical sketch which aims at showing that the occurrences at Lourdes are not to be interpreted as the interference of any celestial agency, but as the very obvious product of human design. Sir Henry Morris informs us that this particular district of the Pyrenean country was for centuries remarkable for its shrines of the Madonna. Nearly all had their grotto, shepherdess, and miraculous cures, but the cupidity and licentiousness of the inhabitants "caused the Virgin to withdraw."² In 1830, however, "the Virgin suddenly desired to make a fresh start, and spread abroad her influence not only in Paris but throughout the whole world." Then it was that after the apparitions vouchsafed to Catherine Labouré in the chapel of the Sisters of Charity in the Rue du Bac a great devotion began to the medal of the Immaculate Conception, commonly known as the miraculous medal, which soon became closely associated with the shrine of Notre Dame des Victoires. Now "the special hyperdulia of Lourdes," according to the same authority, "is a replica on a larger scale, and in a place accessible to the whole country, of the worship of Notre Dame des Victoires in Paris." It is true that the Virgin appeared in 1846 to a little shepherdess at La Salette in the Alps, in a district which like Lourdes was surrounded by ancient pilgrim chapels. But despite the spring which gushed forth and the miraculous cures which followed, "the bad roads, the difficult ascent to La Salette, and the miscreant and scoffing Freemasons of the district led to its desertion." The fuller success, therefore, rested with a later apparition of the Virgin at Lourdes,

¹ *British Medical Journal*, June 16th, pp. 1460—1461.

² This phrase, like some others, is quoted from Huysmans' *Les Foules de Lourdes*, to which book Sir Henry Morris' historical sketch is confessedly much indebted for its allegations of fact.

a place which lay "at the base of the mountains instead of on the summit of a peak difficult to climb." There the Virgin appeared "with a countenance smiling and radiant, and as if she desired to be more easily approached—more within the easy reach of the people, and there she distributed benefactions with both hands." The sadness and austerity, the weeping and the threatening of the apparition of La Salette made a less effective appeal than the simplicity of Lourdes where the Virgin was content to say, "I am the Immaculate Virgin, I desire a chapel here."

It is this speech which according to our medical critic reveals "the real significance, the inwardness of these performances (!) at Lourdes." After recounting, not too accurately, the controversies which from the twelfth century onwards grew up around the belief in the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, as also the disputes between the Dominicans and Franciscans, the uncompromising attitude of the University of Paris, and later, the Papal prohibition of further controversy, Sir Henry Morris goes on to draw his conclusions as follows :

This discouragement, or at least this lack of encouragement of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception had its effect on the pilgrimages, and consequently there commenced a little later the desertion and destruction of the pilgrim shrines to the Virgin and the cessation of the miraculous cures at those special places in the Pyrenees and Alps. It was this lukewarmness towards or this indifference to the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception which in all probability led to these sanctuaries becoming neglected and not "the appalling baseness of the Bourbons and the inexorable infamy of the Jacobins," which Huysmans assigns as the cause why the Virgin disinherited France during the eighteenth century of her beneficent presence.

But by degrees the Papal view became more defined, and more in favour of the doctrine, and at length Gregory XVI. (1831—1846) gave permission to several prelates to describe the Conception as Immaculate. And now it was that the Holy Virgin, who had never before mentioned the subject of her freedom from original sin, spoke in 1830 for the first time of her prerogative in this respect when she revealed herself to Catherine Labouré in the rue du Bac, Paris.¹

The writer then refers to Pius IX.'s invitation to the Bishops of Christendom between 1846 and 1854

to state how far the Papal pronouncement in favour of the dogma

¹ *Ibid.* p. 1461.

would meet their wishes and the wishes of those under them. And as if to incline the priesthood to penitence and remorse, and to lead them in the direction desired and to stimulate their attachment to the Virgin, La Salette—where the Virgin appeared with a weeping face and lamenting the vices of the priests—was founded in 1846 and its fame and its miracles were soon spread throughout the world.¹

The dogma of the Immaculate Conception was solemnly defined in 1854, and this fact, according to Sir Henry Morris, was responsible for the final stage in "the nineteenth century itinerary of the Virgin, which began in Paris in 1830, for a brief space made a halt at La Salette in 1846, and was to find its ultimate destination at Lourdes on February 11, 1858."² And thereupon Sir Henry Morris proceeds to sum up the whole historical investigation as follows:

It is obvious to any one who will follow the course of the dispute about the Immaculate Conception step by step with the history of the shrines and apparitions in Paris and the Pyrenees that there is a remarkable chronological relation between the vicissitudes of the doctrine on the one hand, and the popularity or otherwise of the worship and the accompanying performance of miracles at these shrines, on the other hand. With the rise and fall in favour of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception rose and fell the number of pilgrimages and of miracle cures.

After 1854, it became heresy not to accept the doctrine; the people had to be instructed as to it; the well-to-do and educated could be otherwise informed, but the lower classes and the peasant ignorance had to be enlightened; and by what means could this be more strikingly accomplished than by appealing to the imagination and the superstition of these folks, through reports of apparitions, and by the emphatic declaration of the Virgin herself, "I am the Immaculate Conception"? And if, as the reward of the people's belief, these reports were followed by beneficent and miraculous cures of physical ailments, as well as by spiritual conversions, so much the more impressive and convincing would be the instruction of the Church. The events at Lourdes, it is said, hallow and confirm the instruction given

¹ I am surely not putting too unfavourable a construction upon these words when I infer that Sir Henry Morris wishes his readers to understand that La Salette was "founded" (*i.e.*, got up) in deference to instructions from Rome and to effect a clearly preconceived object. No doubt M. Huysmans also sees some such purpose in the apparition of La Salette, but while he attributes all to the secret designs of God's Providence, Sir Henry Morris sees nothing more than the astute calculations of the Roman authorities.

² Here again Sir Henry follows M. Huysmans, but with the important difference, that what M. Huysmans regards as the working of God's Providence, Sir Henry attributes to human design.

by the Church. They tend to bring the dogmas of the Vatican into popular favour.

Now, with the best will in the world to look at everything in the most favourable light, I am afraid that this passage can admit but of one interpretation. Sir Henry Morris does not, indeed, formally say that the apparitions of Lourdes were a put-up job, but he certainly insinuates it. "The imagination and superstition of these folks" were to be appealed to "through reports of apparitions." It is hardly to be supposed that poor little Bernadette Soubirous, who knew nothing but *patois*, and who could neither read nor write, was likely of her own initiative to be struck by the necessity of popularizing the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. Plainly, our distinguished surgeon would have us believe that the whole proceeding was a Jesuitical contrivance engineered at the Vatican. It is upon this certainly most unwarrantable deduction and upon the train of reasoning that leads up to it, that I desire to offer a few words of comment.

However eminent Sir Henry Morris may be in the studies which belong immediately to his own profession, it is plain that he does not include among the subjects of which he is master a knowledge of mediæval history or of Catholic practice. The proposition which underlies his argument, viz., that the pilgrimages and miracles of our Lady have waxed and waned in direct proportion to the rise and fall in popularity of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, and *vice versa*, is almost ludicrous when baldly stated. Sir Henry has simply caught hold of a few phrases of that extremely rhetorical and impressionist writer H. K. Huysmans. Now just as any provincial author, hoping to win the favour of royalty, may labour to prove that the county or town which forms his special theme has at all times been remarkable for its extraordinary devotion to the Sovereign, and will be at no loss to find some signal instances of such loyal service, so M. Huysmans has had no difficulty in showing that in Hautes Pyrenées, and in the Alpine districts of the department of Isère, the shrines of our Lady abounded. But if he had been interested in Pas de Calais or Finisterre, in Alpes Maritimes, Dordogne, or Lorraine, he might have proved the same contention just as easily. There is hardly a country of Europe—England, France, Germany, Spain, Italy, Ireland, about which books have not been written to show that there more than

anywhere else in the world devotion to our Lady has flourished. Sir Henry Morris, coming upon these rhetorical embellishments of M. Huysmans, has solemnly taken note of them and found them as full of lurid significance as was Mr. Pickwick's request for chops and tomato sauce in the eyes of Sergeant Buzfuz. If our critic would spend a few minutes in looking over such a work as the second edition of Gumpfenberg's *Atlas Marianus*, 1672, he would find that that writer enumerates and locates twelve hundred shrines of our Lady, all possessing statues reputed to be miraculous. We wonder whether Sir Henry Morris has ever heard of the pilgrimages and miracles of which the shrines of Our Lady of Loreto in Italy, of Einsiedeln in Germany, of Montserrat in Spain, of Roc Amadour in France, of Walsingham in England, of El Pilar in Saragossa, of Guadalupe in Mexico with countless others, have been the scene. If there is the faintest reason for connecting the popularity and the activity in the matter of preternatural answers to prayer with acceptance of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, I must confess that I am unaware of it.

Perhaps in this context an extract or two by way of illustration from the notes left by that normally sceptical old philosopher, Michel de Montaigne, regarding the visit he paid to the shrine of our Lady at Loreto in 1582, may not be unacceptable. Courtier and man of the world as he was, Montaigne still seemed to think that Loreto presented something worthy of admiration in the spectacle of its earnest and disinterested piety.

No other place [he writes] that I have ever visited makes so good a show of religion. All property which is lost there—and I speak of articles of silver or others not only worth picking up, but worth appropriating by people thus inclined—is deposited by the finders in a certain public receptacle provided for the purpose. Any one who may be so minded may abstract whatsoever he may desire from this receptacle without any cognizance being taken thereof. When I was there I saw many articles thus displayed, paternosters, handkerchiefs, and purses, such as none would own, all at the disposal of the first claimant. With regard to such things as you may buy and leave behind you for the sake of the church, none of the artificers thereof will accept any payment for his labour, for these craftsmen reckon that, by charging only for the silver or the wood, they themselves share the benefit of the act, anything like almsgiving or treating they steadily refuse. Likewise the church officials, who are most attentive to those who wish to confess or receive Communion and in every other respect,

will accept nothing for their services. The custom is to give to some one or other of them a sum of money to be distributed amongst the poor in your name after your departure.

And thereupon M. de Montaigne proceeds to recount a remarkable instance of personal disinterestedness on the part of one of the priests and he adds :

Instances like this occur daily. Gifts are received in a very off-hand fashion, indeed the acceptance of them is reckoned a favour conferred.

Montaigne himself received Holy Communion at Loreto and speaking of the *ex votos* which adorn the shrine he remarks : "With great difficulty and as a high favour done to me, I was able to find a place whereon I could fix a memorial device in which were set four silver figures, that of our Lady, my own, my wife's and my daughter's." He remained there three days and sceptical as was his habitual tone of mind he was evidently much impressed by the following story told him by a young Parisian nobleman, M. Michel Marteau, concerning a miracle of which he himself had been the subject.

I received from him [says Montaigne] and from certain of his suite a careful and detailed account of the cure of a diseased leg, which he affirmed had been brought about during a former visit of his to this shrine, and the account given to me of this miracle was as exact as could be. All the surgeons of Paris and Italy had been baffled, the patient had spent more than three thousand crowns, and his knee had been swollen, powerless and very painful for the last three years. It grew worse and more inflamed and red, so that he was thrown into a fever. For several days he had ceased to use any medicament or remedy ; when having fallen asleep, he dreamed all of a sudden that he was healed and that a flash of light seemed to shine around him. He awoke, cried out that he was cured, called for his servants, arose from his bed, and began to walk for the first time since he had been seized with this infirmity. The swelling of the knee disappeared, the shrivelled and half-dead skin got well from this time without any further remedy. Being now completely cured, he had come back to Loreto, his cure having been worked about a month earlier while he was here. These were all the authentic facts I could collect from the discourse I had with him and with his people.

Montaigne ends his account of Loreto with some remarks about the Sclavonian pilgrims, from whose country the

Santa Casa, according to tradition,¹ had transferred itself to Italy.

As soon [he was told] as they catch sight of the place from their barks at sea they set up a cry which they continue in the town itself, with many protestations and promises added, and beg our Lady to return to their land, pouring out their regrets that they should have given her reason for deserting them; which thing seemed to me very marvellous.²

But to return from what may seem a digression, I must confess that Sir Henry Morris astonishes me beyond words when he puts before us the idea that Lourdes was deliberately selected as the scene of these manifestations, because after the experience upon the difficult heights of La Salette it was considered desirable to commence the instruction of the populace regarding the Immaculate Conception "in a place accessible to the whole country." Is there any argument, one feels tempted to ask, which a professor of science will *not* use when he thinks it can help him in bolstering up a theory or demolishing a superstition? What should we think of the sanity of a man who, after an unsuccessful attempt to awaken the interest of the rural population of the British Isles in the Suffragist movement by holding a monster meeting at Festiniog, proposed to retrieve that false step by shifting the venue to a really "accessible" spot on the coast of Cumberland? Neither in 1858, nor till some years afterwards, was there any railway at Lourdes.³ The approach on the side of Spain is blocked by the huge mass of the Pyrenees. A more out-of-the-way site, on the road to nowhere, and nearly 600 miles from Paris, it would then have been impossible to find. If there were one consideration which, as I humbly submit, ought alone to convince any reasonable person that the apparitions at

¹ It will be understood, I trust, that I am here expressing no opinion as to the historical character of this tradition, a question which of late has been keenly debated. For the moment the only point which interests me is the attitude of a man like Montaigne towards the famous shrine of Loreto, and the fact that although this sanctuary had no possible connection with the Immaculate Conception dogma, its vogue both as a place of pilgrimage and as the scene of marvellous cures was proportionately as great in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries as that of Lourdes at the present day. Any one who wishes to form an idea of the miracles reputed to be worked there must consult the work of Tursellini or the three folio volumes of Bishop Martorelli.

² *The Journal of Montaigne's Travels*, translated by W. G. Waters, vol. ii. pp. 197—207, London, 1903.

³ The nearest railway was then at Bayonne, eighty miles distant as the crow flies. The line to Lourdes was not completed until 1866.

Lourdes were not part of any premeditated design, it would be the simple fact that this sparsely-populated locality was one of the most inaccessible in the length and breadth of France. If the astute ecclesiastics of the Vatican had really wished to work up popular enthusiasm for the Immaculate Conception by creating a new centre of miraculous influences, surely they would have done better to revive some such ancient shrine as Our Lady of Chartres, or Our Lady of Puy, or Our Lady of Roc-Amadour, near Cahors, where the series of miracles stretches back to the days of St. Bernard himself, and even earlier;¹ or if the southern temperament were considered necessary, why not Our Lady of Fourvières at Lyons, or Our Lady de la Daurade at Toulouse, or Our Lady de la Garde at Marseilles?

Moreover, there is a still further improbability. Why should it have been thought necessary to encourage enthusiasm for the dogma of the Immaculate Conception when the decree had been pronounced and the matter was finally settled? Had there been strong opposition to such a definition, such as might several centuries earlier have been offered by the theologians of the Dominican school, there would have been a very intelligible reason why the Papal curia might have wished to provoke a popular demonstration in its favour. But there had been no such opposition, and after the event, when the decision of the Holy See had been acclaimed throughout the Catholic world almost without a single dissentient voice, why were miraculous cures needed in a remote corner of that country which perhaps of all Christendom was already the most enthusiastic in the cause? If supernatural confirmations of dogmatic facts were so easily procurable, the Vatican authorities were certainly short-sighted in neglecting some years later to obtain such testimony in favour of the definition of Papal Infallibility, a doctrine which, as everybody knows, excited in certain quarters a good deal of hostile feeling.

However, these considerations, though they must, it seems to me, impose themselves upon every reflective mind, are not in any way needed in the present discussion of the origins of Lourdes, because we happen to be singularly well informed regarding all the details of the apparitions and regarding the spontaneity of the popular movement which manifested itself from the very first. If Sir Henry Morris had supplemented

¹ See Caillau, *Histoire critique de Notre Dame de Roc-Amadour*, Paris, 1834.

his study of M. Huysmans by consulting the work of Père Cros, to which Huysmans refers his readers for more exact information,¹ he would have spared us, I hope and believe, some of his more unpleasant reflections upon what he describes as "the real significance, the inwardness of these performances at Lourdes."

As to the simplicity, modesty, and absence of all precocity on the part of Bernadette Soubirous, all who could pretend to any personal acquaintance with her have spoken with one voice. She was small and frail, and though thirteen years of age when the apparitions began in February, 1858, she looked only eleven. She was subject to asthma, but no one of the many doctors who examined her afterwards professed to detect any symptom of the hysterical temperament. Those who knew her best either as a child or afterwards as a nun, declared her to be rather dull in intelligence and lacking in imagination. She learned to read and write when she entered the cloister, but such letters of hers as survive are remarkable for nothing except a spirit of simple piety. There is not the least indication that after she became in a manner celebrated, she courted notice, and much less that she sought to turn her position to pecuniary profit. She spent the greater part of her adult life hidden from the eyes of men, in a convent, busy about humble tasks, and avoiding even so much of intercourse with the outside world as might lawfully have been permitted her. There were no visions, no ecstasies, no exalted prayer, no stigmata. The only supernormal occurrence recorded in connection with Bernadette after the incidents of Massabielle in the thirteenth year of her age is the fact that at her death her body remained flexible, without any trace of *rigor mortis*, and seemed more beautiful than in life. It has since been found thirty years afterwards perfectly incorrupt. No one pretends that such an incident is necessarily miraculous, but in view of the fact that in the case of so many holy people who during life notoriously led lives of heroic virtue and were honoured as saints there is record of the same exemption from the ignominy of the tomb, the phenomenon certainly deserves to be recorded.

Now I would venture to urge that the absence of all abnormal manifestations in Bernadette from the time of the eighteen apparitions which followed quickly one upon another

¹ *Les Fables de Lourdes*, pp. 243, 244, 247. Père L. J. M. Cros's work is entitled *Notre-Dame de Lourdes—Récits et Mystères*, Paris, 1901.

in the spring of 1858 until her death is very remarkable. If on the one hand she were a half-crazy, hallucinated and hysterical girl, it is astonishing that all these symptoms should suddenly have ceased after July 16, 1858, the day of her First Communion, when she beheld the figure of our Lady for the last time. But if, as Sir Henry Morris seems to insinuate, she was a cunning impostor who had cleverly played a part in which she had been drilled by some designing ecclesiastic, then how explain not only the favourable impression as to her simplicity and sincerity produced upon every one of the numerous doctors, police officials and episcopal commissaries who examined her then and afterwards, but, what is even more difficult, how can we believe that such a character would be content to lead the rest of her life in obscurity, without notice, excitement or any sort of temporal compensation, given up unceasingly to the humble and mortifying exercises of religious life and far from the scenes in which she had worked a true religious revolution?

I had intended in the present article to enter upon a discussion in some detail of the series of apparitions which began on February 11, 1858, and which practically terminated on April 7th of the same year. Few people who have not made acquaintance with Father Cros's book are aware of the amount of contemporary minutes and reports which are available for such a study. Few understand how entirely the clergy are therein cleared of connivance in the early stages of the movement. But to embark upon such a development would protract this paper beyond reasonable limits, and I must defer any further treatment of the subject for a future occasion.

In the meantime I will end my present contribution by inviting attention to another matter in which Sir Henry Morris detects the operation of hidden causes cleverly set in motion by the Roman Church to produce a designed effect. After the remarks, already quoted above,¹ upon the foundation of a new miracle-working shrine to popularize the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, the ex-President of the College of Surgeons continues:

More recently we have heard of another instance of the same sequence of events. In 1905 the Holy Father recommended "frequent Communion," and the decree has been followed at Lourdes by "the multiplication of more brilliant cures in connection with the

¹ P. 179.

Eucharistic procession, the Mass, the elevation of the Host, and the Holy Communion." Unmistakably "we find in this fact a response from Heaven to the teaching of the Church."

Sir Henry Morris borrows the remarks in inverted commas from M. Huysmans, but with a very different purpose, as the context will make plain to even the dullest of readers. M. Huysmans in all sincerity discerns in this multiplication of Eucharistic miracles at Lourdes a seal set by divine Providence upon the recent exhortations of the head of the Church. Sir Henry, on the other hand, insinuates that the Roman Curia, having a purpose to serve and desiring that the recent Eucharistic teaching should seem to be sanctioned from on high, has found means to secure that the miracles wrought in immediate connection with the Blessed Sacrament should be multiplied.

I am not in a position to judge how far M. Huysmans and other Catholic writers who have expressed the same view are justified in asserting that there has been of recent years a great increase of Eucharistic miracles at Lourdes. But this at any rate may safely be said that the cures effected on occasion of the processions of the Blessed Sacrament were numerous long before there was any question of a decree recommending more frequent Communion. Here is a passage from a book printed^{*} in 1894, which, so far as it goes, is absolutely conclusive.

It was in the year 1888, during the national pilgrimage, that the Eucharistic miracles began to manifest themselves in an altogether unexpected way. Numerous cures had taken place in the previous thirty years either during Mass at the basilica and the grotto or after the Communion of the sick. But these isolated cures had something private, personal, almost secret about them, whereas in 1888 they took place publicly and so to speak *en masse* during the passing of the Host, as the Blessed Sacrament was carried from the grotto to the basilica.¹

Now this was written and printed in 1894 in the time of Leo XIII., eleven years before there was any question of a decree recommending frequent Communion. It is plain then that unless Sir Henry Morris is prepared to maintain that the Eucharistic policy of Pius X. was organized nearly twenty years beforehand in the time of his predecessor, there must have been at any rate a considerable number of the Eucharistic miracles at Lourdes which were not worked to order.

HERBERT THURSTON.

¹ Abbé Domenech, *Lourdes,—Hommes et Choses*, Lyons, 1894, p. 205.

Puerilia. V.

Nature fulfilled by grace is not less nature, but is supernaturally natural.

C. Patmore.

ROGER FORD read Father Hemmet's letter and the enclosure, and gasped. The letter was as follows :

Dear Mr. Ford,

You will remember having been at school here with Rupert Waldron. His widow was, as you know, left badly off and lives not far from you. This is why I am writing to ask you if you can do anything for his son Rupert, who has got into trouble, and is not to return next year. He is a clever boy, but quite intractable, and has put the crown to a long series of offences by writing a sneering and irreverent pasquinade upon St. Aloysius. It is obviously intolerable that one whom I constantly set before the boys as their model should be held up to ridicule in this way, and Waldron must realize that this is the last straw. I am no judge of poetry, and indeed hold that it should not be encouraged in the young. You however will be able to judge of the merits of the verses which I enclose. Literature may make a common ground on which you may meet this boy.—The school is doing well, and you have doubtless heard that our bull took a prize at Wigborough last month. Owing, however, to the obstinate indisposition of Father Baker, the boys' sports have been sadly interfered with.

Sincerely yours in Christ,

JOSEPH HEMMET.

The enclosed poem was headed A RHYME OF ALOYSIUS, FYTTE I., *Aloysius at Home* : and went thus :

With modest and averted eye
Whene'er he marked his mother by
Went little Aloysius :
He meant to honour Mary thus.

He scarcely dared, for fear of sin,
Take stocking off and see the skin ;
And yet with gaping rents in hose
Unblushingly abroad he gres.

When peevish princeling chides the wind,
Him doth the saintly page remind
That though he's heir to Spanish throne
To rule the wind is God's alone.

At Chieri's gala, by a chance,
Madam entreats of him a dance.
He turns his back, and, nothing said,
Hies him to prayer behind his bed.

When sire and leech bade break his fast,
He halved an egg to his repast:
When temples throbbed, he bruised his brain
Five linked hours of prayerful strain.

FYTTE II., *Aloysius at Rome.*

With folded fingers, chin on chest,
He walks through Rome in silence, lest
The sight and sound of earthly things
Should tend to clip the spirit's wings.

When ancient Fathers—rare event—
Astray from rule or custom went,
His pained address and pursèd face
Conspired to put 'em in their place.

Others, in vineyard golden-green
Gave God the glory for a scene
He could not even recognize
Seeing he never raised his eyes!

They found they breathed, on holiday,
More freely when he stopped away.
"To-day the Censor stays," wrote one,
"Behind; so we can have some fun."

At this, Roger Ford first gasped, then grinned, then looked anxious. "Doggerel," he said to himself, "and yet he's not a fool, isn't the boy. He's got hold of real points. He must have *thought*. And there's a taste—a tang. Quite clever alliteration. And a mock Victorian primness. 'Put 'em in their place'—that's the one lapse. But 'gala'—'pursèd'—'Madam entreats of him a dance'—those aren't a boy's words. And then—'golden-green.' Has he seen a vineyard? or can he imagine it? Genuine colour-sense, I should say. And, heavens! he criticizes the *religion* of the thing. His view is that God gets better glory from one's looking, and enjoying, and praising, than from abstinence. . . ." He re-read the verses, smoked a pipe, and decided that Rupert Waldron stood at all too real a crisis; that he had lynx eyes for the contradictory, the insincere, the

affected ; that, in revolt against convention and the *terre-à-terre*, he loathed what he disapproved of, that this, unless it were stopped, would mean a sour cynicism, all the more fatal because the boy's eye was turned upon the staple literature of his religion, and his wrath against its heroes ; disbelief in its ideals would follow soon enough.

Rather proud of this reasoning, Ford walked down that evening to Mrs. Waldron's house. For the first time, he saw it as the home of a poetic youth suffering from the conventional. It was, of course, red brick, and over the wire blinds in the sitting-room window you could see a bamboo tripod, from which was hung a claret-coloured porcelain ornament, shaped like a broken egg-shell, and containing a fern. Ford smiled rather dismally as he went in. The room was far too full of furniture, of art muslin, of imitation. The pictures revealed, usually, an orchard, where a goodly youth in Georgian dress contemplated a maiden of more or less the same period, while a kitten frisked, or an infant gambolled, or a duenna drowsed. These were doubtless called *Love's Young Dream*, or *Two's Company*, and the like ; you could gather in a moment exactly what they were all about, and tell how much they had cost.

Mr. Ford's reflections continued quite undisturbed by the conversation he carried on with Mrs. Waldron, who was a disappointing person and made no exacting claim on intelligence and attention. Clearly it was the sensitive, idealistic father, a fugitive while still young from 'this rough-spoken world' (as the hymn affectedly put it), who had been responsible for the son's touch of genius. Provided the mother had not added to that always dangerous gift her own unreliability of taste, her indistinctness of ideal, her easy satisfaction in the second-best ! The listener felt sorrier and sorrier for the boy, and when he had re-made his acquaintance, set no limits to his kindness. Indeed, Rupert had cherished a hidden ambition to make friends with Ford, whose poems were already making him widely known, and was flattered when the poet made him free of his cottage and fields higher up the hill, and happily accepted his offer of walks—long walks over the Sussex Downs.

The familiarity increased steadily. Ford found Rupert as he had expected, fenced with all the limitations of boyhood to a degree the more remarkable that in some directions his imagination had been highly stimulated and his ideals kindled. But neither had received any training. The artistic sense, for

instance, lay undeveloped, or rather, the boy had no notion how to express, and thereby relieve the strain of, his passionate appreciation of scenery, of colour of sky and hill and sunlight. The literary faculty was more operative, because the boy's reading had been wide, though quite erratic; even here, he mimicked, rather than consciously imitated, what he read; and no one had really drilled him in stylistic matters, still less had revealed to him the essential genius, of the great authors which formed for itself those styles which so troublingly gripped him. Carlyle, Maeterlinck, Swinburne, each the hero of a moment, flickered most disconcertingly through his conversation. Thoroughly out of sympathy with the half conventional, half utilitarian education he received at school, and with the pretty silliness of an equally conventional home, Rupert had become quite unable to understand how cordial were the intentions, and how genuinely valuable the training, of his school, and what an inestimable field for chivalrous action and gentle, self-sacrificing thought, his home afforded. He found himself harassed by the conflict of his almost ruthless sincerity of outlook, and his passion for romance: to burrow; to soar; but not the superficial! Or if perforce he must stay upon the surface, let his travels be wide upon it, and not confined to a sentry-beat—a tread-mill. . . . He gave rein to the inevitable moods of adolescence; his cleverness tended to become eccentric; his tongue, unpardonably sharp. Even had he met with understanding sympathy at school, it is doubtful whether his presence would have been wholesome there; and to sound discipline at home he scarcely would have submitted.

It was not till the summer that Rupert mentioned his unlucky verses, and then, lying on his back, one splendid twenty-first of June, upon the Downs, he remembered it was St. Aloysius' day, and said to Roger Ford:

"Did I ever tell you it was St. Aloysius got me sacked?"

"No," said Ford, scrupulously accurate. "You never did."

"Well, it was," rejoined Rupert. "I wrote some stuff about him. They were shoving his Life down our throats and I got sick of it. They bagged the clean copy I sent up as a devotional offering for Lent; but there's a rough one in this book if you'd like to look at it."

Ford read it gravely through.

"Parts are quite neat," he said. "'Bruised his brain.' That's just the right sensation. 'Peevish princeling!' Peevish's good

and so's the alliteration. Well, I've told you already ; keep it up. Practice is the thing."

"Well, but d'you think they ought to have sacked me for it?"

"*Did* they? just for this, you know?"

"Well, but how about the idea? Don't you think those Lives are awful rot? Isn't *that* how they strike you, if you're sincere?"

"Well," said Ford. "One sees you don't like St. Aloysius. I think it's a pity, but natural on the whole. I've rarely met anyone of your age who honestly liked him, though they didn't own up. You're frank, anyhow. Still, perhaps you raise more problems than you solve. It's a good thing to face up squarely to things, especially religious things—not to gulp 'em down whole, ideals and practices and so on; but—Well, you take the rather bold line, don't you, of saying the ideal in the Life is all wrong? The boy, you fancy, was really a prig; an obstinate and censorious and inconsequent person who ended by meriting, and gaining dislike? Well, you know; if that's really all, why was it *he* who got canonized? Why did his contemporaries—fine fellows, some of 'em—martyrs in the Indies, you know, and so on—why did they never impress folk as Aloysius did? For some reason or other, generation after generation of young men has gone to him to beg for help to live clean lives; and hundreds, I suppose, to get spirit for throwing up a gay society life, and money, and position, and dealing hardly with themselves. That's very odd, if he was just a prim little girl."

"Well," grumbled Rupert, while Ford too lay on his back, smoking, and letting other questions fall into rhyme in his head, "he got canonized easily enough, because chucking his Marquisate made a big splash, of course; then his family was so frightfully important, and had half the courts of Europe at their backs, and pushed the thing; and then he belonged to an awfully rich and ambitious Order, which ran him for all they were worth—they wanted to be first up with saints, as with everything else; to have a Gonzaga chuck up his Marquisate to enter your Order isn't to be sniffed at, you know. And if he's not all you say I make him out, well, it's jolly well the fault of the biographers. *They* say it, and then make out it's a fine thing. And what about his pictures? A pink and white young lady, with a lily and a surplice, and a whopping scourge one

can't imagine his ever using." So he grumbled on. Meanwhile Ford pencilled down some lines.

"Here's a retort," he said. "Scrupulously in your style."

FYFFE III. *Quæritur.*

How was it, then, before you died,
Your fellow-students always tried
To be with you when your talk went
Upon the Blessed Sacrament?

What was it made you, suddenly
Forgetful of your 'modesty,'
Race down the corridor that led
To where Communion-cloths were spread?

How was it, when God's love was named
At meal or Mass, your whole face flamed
Crimson, your heart shook, and your eyes
Shone dark with tears and ecstasies?

How, that minutely still you tried
Even to die as Jesus died?
Your fingers plucked your cap: you said
'He died with nothing on His head.'

And how was it, at twenty-three,
You found that you as easily
Could "go away to Heaven," as though
'Twas "to Frascati" you should go?

"Now then, young man. It's his Lives supply me with those questions. Think 'em over and answer them, please. I don't fancy his family will explain quite all that nor even his ambitious superiors."

Ford had read his verses in so gentle and reverent a voice that he might really have been putting these terribly intimate questions directly to the young marquis who had lived three centuries ago. Rupert, taken aback at first by this turning of the tables, found himself more touched than he could have expected; but he only said, rather sulkily, that the biographies hadn't made that impression upon him.

"You must learn," said Ford, as they strolled down the hill, "to get beneath the biographies. All biographers, till our own age, almost, have been conventional, especially the hagiographers. I will lend you a book—Delehaye's *Légendes Hagiographiques*—which will show you it's no new thing for such writers to treat their topic rather as a peg for ready-made coats to hang on, than as a living man. Or they slice him up: a chapter on his humility: his charity. But the living man *is* there, underneath;

or he'd never have got canonized, least of all by popular conviction, which demands reality in character, if not in literature. The writers argued, first, that this was a saint, and saints do certain things; so imagination may legitimately supply such details as the evidence fails to give—the saint *must* have done what saints always ought to do! And again, this was a saint, and we must judge his action to be saintly; hence we have a picture all lights, no shadows; panegyric without discrimination; a flat, expressionless face, correctly featured, but with no life. Delehaye gives you excellent principles; you must apply them. Read Cepari's big blue Life of St. Aloysius over again from that point of view: there's no need for elaborate research."

But next Sunday Rupert appeared with some new verses, and proclaimed that he had no use for Cepari. The verses ran:

It was your hagiographer
Thought timid truth must needs defer
To interest of pietisms,
And framed these simple syllogisms:

- (a) *True sanctity is thus and thus:*
A saint was Aloysius:
Thus then and thus he must have been,
As from my memoir shall be seen.
- (β) *Our youth, we know, did that and this:*
This then and that most perfect is:
Nor can this be denied, because
A saint St. Aloysius was.

Thus into his Procrustes-bed
He packs you, elbows, heels, and head,
And then in admiration stands
Before the work of his own hands.

"How about that?" he asked.

"Quite neat," said the other, as before. "But still a little spiteful and exaggerated, isn't it? It's a little narrow-minded to expect a sixteenth century writer to adopt twentieth century ideals. It argues lack of perspective, and it tempts to cheap witticisms. You've got not only to detect the shortcomings of the author, but to allow for them, and forgive him, and get at the Saint's self. You haven't said a word there about Aloysius."

"But how *can* you see what's hidden?"

"It peeps out. I'd start, if I were you, looking for the *man*, not the saint. Did you read the Appendix—Aloysius' letters?"

and accounts? No? Well, hagiographers couldn't tamper with those; they exist, you know, in quantities. And in them you see Aloysius was a real person. . . . You can find out exactly what he wore and how much it cost. It wasn't by any means only hair-cloth; no, nor even black stuff. He once got some green breeches which he wore with blue Spanish hose: and wore them *out*, mind you—he had to pay five lire to have them mended. And he managed to get very nearly twenty yards of trimming, and four feet of silk ribbon onto one single cloak, together with four feet of satin and a yard of velvet by way of extra decoration! And he had gold-plated buttons and no end of gold fringe and lace and belts (he was constantly getting his swords regilded). O, and he got about two yards of tulle and three feathers into one cap! And the tutor, in an ecstatic moment, notes down, '*Item*, 2 l. 13 sl. 4 dn. for one pair of white shoes with double soles for the illustrious Signor.' And he used pomade. . . . And oil of mustard for his chilblains. . . . And his tooth-paste was made of dried roses and pomegranate-peel! I love that tooth-paste! Then he learnt dancing; and had a dog; and tops; and ran up a long bill for clay marbles to shoot birds with; and had plenty of masks and fancy dresses."

"But I thought he never played games!" said Rupert.

"Well," answered Ford, who was turning over the Life Rupert had returned to him, "he wrote to his father on August 17, 1578, from Florence:

Yesterday we were with Don John at the Pitti, and while Don John was amusing himself with us at a fountain ["it's such a jolly fountain," interpolated Ford], the Princesses came with a number of dogs, for they said they wanted a dog race. And while it was being run, the Grand Duke arrived by the garden gate, with only four of his gentlemen, and stayed to watch the fun. They all ran, the Princesses, Don John, and ourselves, and the sport lasted till evening.

"But I thought he'd never look at girls?" cried the boy.

"You'll certainly find," Ford agreed, "he was a very masculine person, and didn't feel at all at home with ladies. 'I can't stand their reek,' was his really rather appalling reason for refusing to frequent the very perfumed Court ladies in Spain. And he got in a temper, you remember, when they tried to make him kiss a little girl's shadow as a forfeit. No: he wasn't a kissing person. And he had an awful temper always and an exorbitant sense of his rank, though he hacked hard at both.

But his stiffness, as we feel it, towards his mother, was more than half, I imagine, the courtesy peculiar to that time and in that rank."

"I don't think he was really hard," argued Rupert, "but prim. Such a languishing creature couldn't be hard."

"Don't look at his dreadful modern statues," said Ford, "but at the genuine pictures. They're very bad, but they've lots of character. His skull was very well shaped, and he had a good forehead and jaw: it was his huge beak of a nose that made them look small. He had terrific eyebrows, and he was thin and sallow, not in the least pink and white."

"Yes," the boy confessed, "I can remember one picture, where he was saying goodbye to his father—it struck me awfully: he was so thin—so *transparent* his face seemed; but you saw the soul through it! It was the first thing that gave me a notion of what 'spirituality' might mean."

"Then," went on the poet, "he had qualities which were essentially hard. It'd be odd if he hadn't. Tremendous fighters, his people had been, for centuries. He was determined on being a soldier himself, you know. In fact, it was because the doctor said he'd not the slightest chance of a career in the army if he didn't practically put himself on starvation diet, that (quite a boy still) he started to 'halve an egg to his repast.' Later, to eat more became impossible, but by that time he was glad to make a virtue of necessity. But he succeeded: he spent his boyhood with his father in camp, dressed in a special little suit of armour—his spurs still exist. You remember how he nearly killed himself with the powder he'd filched from the soldiers, during siesta, because he liked to make it explode? And how he picked up their language . . . he was sorry enough for it, afterwards. No, he wasn't a soft boy. And he was particularly level-headed. It's not for nothing his father chose him to write the letters he didn't want his secretary to see. He'd have been a big statesman, if he had failed of the army through ill-health, and hadn't become a religious. He was only twenty-one or two, wasn't he, when he settled those big squabbles between his ducal relatives? They chose him arbitrator of their own accord. And he drove his brother Rodolfo with a wrist of steel. It wasn't a trifle, to get that secret marriage of Rodolfo's declared, and the girl's reputation restored. All that, concurrently with his ideals of self-effacement and abnegation. And he was clear-headed too. I don't refer to those philosophy-

tournaments—he defended the Trinity, didn't he? against all comers. Of course, they had to let the heir-apparent, or even the ex-marquis win. But his ruthless logic comes out in all his life. I own he hadn't learnt proportion—he hadn't much perspective, and I've read his Life twice on purpose to see if I could detect even the rudiments in him of a sense of humour. Well, witty, or trenchant anyhow, he might have been, but amusing? I'm afraid not. He saw the evidence, its consequences, his duty. His will gripped like a bull-dog's teeth, and carried the thing through. God was the one thing, he saw, worth thinking of—and yet he could not 'watch one hour' without distraction! Hence your 'five linked hours' of effort. 'God is the only real loveliness.' Why, then, waste time on trees and clouds and trifles? 'Christ wore a crown of thorns': he would have no coronet! And his headaches became a privilege. 'This and that most perfect is:' very well, he will do it; God cannot but give grace, not commanding the impossible. And how should he approve the opposite in others?"

"Yes," said Rupert, "you've shown me a side of him I hadn't noticed, at least not from that angle. But it remains he must have been a rather awful person. Such *minutiae* of observation! And such snubs as he dealt out!"

"People, especially boys (please excuse me), have usually the defects of their qualities. I own his mind was complicated: he had been brought up in an atmosphere of ceremony and etiquette, and brought that into his religion. He sliced up intentions, devotions, aspirations, into mince-meat. Have you read his elaborate comparison of the Angels' hierarchy to a Grand Duke's court? It's too quaint. Still, he knew himself, in consequence, inside and out. And then—this is rather subtle psychologizing—but don't you think you can detect under all that obstinacy, a terrible *fear*? Wasn't he conscious of a fatal, essential weakness in his human heart? He was so lonely! everything was against him. At court, at home, people would obey him absolutely. It was all flattery. Women would throw themselves at his head. Even when he'd given it all up, his abdication only made a new topic for his flatterers.' How he loathed it! and feared it. 'The pillars of heaven have fallen and been broken to pieces,' he wrote; 'who can promise me perseverance?' No wonder he put on armour from head to foot, and struck mercilessly when he thought himself attacked."

"Well, one can be sorry for him ; but how *can* one like him ?"

"Sympathy," rejoined Ford, smiling, "is a long first step towards affection. And people *did* get to like him, and to seek his company. The villagers adored him ; so did sick old Fathers ; and his equals, after a time, when he mellowed, so to say. But from his novitiate onwards Gaspar Alpieri was his intimate and constant friend and correspondent. Wasn't it to Alpieri he gave his crucifix, and said he had long since given him his whole affection ? And he was glad to die, because in Heaven at least he would be able to love Alpieri properly. Then there was Guelfucci especially, and Lambertini. O, there are scores of little human touches, if you look for them. I love him, you know, with his old cassock, and bowed head, and his chilblains, and his inability to pronounce R's ; and his little inconsistencies—he had a good pension, you know, and a sort of footman to take notes for him at lectures, and a special lay-Brother to go about with him. . . . Yes," said Ford, "I've loved to follow him in the Lombard towns ; I've gone to Communion at the rails in Milan where he constantly did ; and I've had tea in his tutor's house near Fiesole, next door to the room he shared with Rodolfo. And I've kissed the floor in the little room at Chieri ; where he hid from your Madam. And the little chapel at the Annunziata, in Florence, where he vowed chastity, is one of the rare places where it is easier to pray than not to."

"It's very good of you," said Rupert. "You are making known to me a very interesting personality. A big and strong one, anyhow ; and a fighter."

In the autumn he wrote to Ford that he had been reading the *Life* again and again. "I think I'm getting on a little. I've written some more doggerel, but only a stanza or two. It's not enough to send you, and I feel we've been on the surface only, so far. We've just *naturalized* him."

"Naturalized !" Ford realized his triumph. He laid a trap for Rupert, deliberately, invoking St. Aloysius, with a solemn hope, to help the exploring, dissatisfied soul that events had brought close to him.

After tea one evening that the young man had called, Ford showed him some old photographs. Rupert paused long over one of his own father, taken years ago at school.

"You were very fond of him, weren't you ?" said Ford.

Rupert nodded. It was his one great passion, that memory.

"I remember," went on the other after a pause, "seeing you—quite a baby, then—sitting watching your father while he wrote—motionless, not saying a word—almost half an hour."

"Yes," he answered. "I know I did. I loved to. And sometimes I'd get up and march up and down, holding my back up—I don't know why—I think I thought he'd like it; he'd say, 'That's Rupert. That's my little son marching.' I did a lot of idiotic things. I even pinched myself, or knocked my shins against things, and pretended I was fighting for him, or helping him somehow. Once when he had neuralgia, I went and sat in a cupboard, in the dark—not that it did *him* any good, but I felt it was horrible I should be quite well when he wasn't."

"Plato gives a list of the odd things people in love do," said Ford, quietly. "It makes outsiders smile, occasionally—but it's only their love trying to express itself. They feel suffocated till they sing, or cry, or fight, or hurt themselves, or do *something* to relieve their heart."

"I say!" said Rupert suddenly. Ford nodded.

"Suppose St. Aloysius was like that!" the boy turned crimson and spoke hurriedly. "Suppose he loved God and our Lord a million times more than I did my father—and felt like going mad if he couldn't *do* something, make some effort—help—repay—God whirled him up one moment; the next, he was down again. . . . And other people couldn't make head or tail of him. . . . Nor he of them. . . . I say, it won't bear thinking of."

"At first his love seems violent," said Ford, "but towards the end, at least, one of his great features was a perfect calm in the consciousness of the Presence and love of God."

Next day he received by the second post the following letter:

"I couldn't go to sleep till I'd thought it out. Here are the verses. I finished them off as best I could. If you like, call it FYTTE IV., *Laus Aloysi*. The first stanza follows straight after yours. It's a challenge.

You, behind whose vizzor quaint
Blaze the black eyes of a Saint,
Doff the armour that your age
Seeks to make our heritage.

Then comes the first effort to explain him. *First, 'twas your hagiographer*, &c. Then the more psychological view, and then the best of all.

Next, when your scheme of holiness
Jars on the nerves, we well confess
That your keen mind, of curious bent,
By nature down to detail went,

And that your over-logic wit,
Seized on the letter, and set it
As work for adamantine will
Unpityingly to fulfil.

Also, like flint you set your face
Against the rivalry and race
To laud your style, that made you hate
The very name of Marquisate. . . .

Still, they were yours, your acts—your own ;
You are responsible alone
For that whole life whereof the half
Leaves us in doubt to weep or laugh.

And therein stand you glorified.
O blind, who hath not yet descried
Beneath each crude experiment
One royal will, one grand intent,

One Love, that struggled, strained, and strove
To make all life one paean of love,
Stammering, lisping, tied of tongue,
Yet careless, be the song but sung !

One Love, nought knowing save to love,
Yet suffocating till it prove
To God and self that it was true
To work the little that it knew.

And since men helped you not at all,
Shielded from shaft and fenced from fall
You trod the path that Love had shown,
Save for your Angel-friends, alone :

Nor do I wonder that there broods
Upon your own high Angelhood's
Ineffable tranquillity,
An awful light of Purity.

I've just had a glimpse of what *being a Saint* means ! A saint : a *saint*, all through : like the transparent gold in St. John's vision . . . perfectly pure and flawless, and God and Jesus Christ the light of it. They, perfectly at home in the centre of his soul, and flooding all through it.—And I criticized him !”

On Christmas Day Ford met Mrs. Waldron and Rupert after Mass.

“Rupert's so well,” said the lady. “But he has such *awful* chilblains, and won't do *anything* for them.”

“They got oil of mustard for St. Aloysius,” said Ford, smiling.

Rupert blushed. “It says nothing about his using it,” he said, half slyly.

C. C. MARTINDALE.

Flotsam and Jetsam.

Christian Asceticism.

CANON HENLEY HENSON, an Anglican dignitary, who seems to have been providentially created to remind the State Church of her essential Erastianism, in his plea for cheap divorce before the Royal Commission on June 27th introduced a phrase which admirably illustrates the change of spirit (as distinct from change of doctrine) which the Reformers strove to introduce into Christianity. In instancing a prejudice which for many centuries prevented "even the noblest Christian minds" from recognizing the equality of the sexes in relation to marriage, he spoke of "the disastrous and profoundly degrading heresy of asceticism." Later on, he anticipates objections from the New Testament where that "heresy" is strongly advocated, by speaking of "the inbred prejudices of the Apostles," and by endorsing the opinion of some other theological expert that St. Paul's teaching "is not quite on a level with the ethics of Protestantism,"—an opinion which after all may be interpreted in an orthodox sense. However, it is not the Canon's erratic views on Christian marriage that call for comment at the moment, but his hearty denunciation of the Catholic ideal of self-denial, a denunciation characteristic of his sect and drawing its inspiration from the frank animalism of his remote religious ancestor, Martin Luther. It is a view which latterly has found frequent expression in Protestant notices of Cardinal Vaughan's biography wherein his habitual practice of bodily mortification was revealed. Says a writer, for instance, in the *Review of Reviews* for July:

It is with a feeling of amazement, not to say of absolute horror, that the average man in the street learns that the stately Cardinal . . . was in the habit of keeping his body under by methods which take us back to the time of Thomas à Becket. . . . To Catholics there is nothing out of the way in this; but to pious Protestants, and to men who are not pious, these pages will afford glimpses of an unknown world, a world so old that it almost seems new; a world dominated by

ideas almost inconceivable to most of us. Yet it is a real world, and, as the men who live in it appear to derive benefit by their scourgings and their self-inflicted tortures, God forbid that any intolerant non-Catholic should grudge them these strange methods of spiritual exercise.

This is all very typical, in its ignorance and complacent superiority, of the modern mind, divorced from the Christian tradition. So might the Athenians have commented on St. Paul preaching Christ crucified—"foolishness unto the Gentiles." There is the same wonder, the same narrowness, the same tolerant condescension, as though the subject were the curious customs of some barbarous tribe and not the immemorial practice of Christendom. The very admission that in ascetic exercises there is nothing out of the way to Catholics—the largest body of Christians in the world—shows the insular outlook; as also does the implication that because a view is old it is necessarily wrong—an argument which would discredit Christianity itself.

Asceticism, like the physical "training" to which St. Paul compares it,¹ is only a means to an end and takes its character from the end actually proposed. If the idea is that what is corporeal is evil and must be got rid of, or that the Deity delights in physical suffering as such, then self-inflicted tortures *are* superstitious and blameworthy. But if undertaken (within the degree prescribed by due regard to other ends and interests) to prove the reality of sorrow and of love, or to strengthen the spirit against the assaults of the flesh, then the mortification becomes itself an act of the virtue which dictates it. That it *can* fulfil these ends is a matter of universal human experience, not by any means confined to man's dealings with his Maker. Sacrifice of self-interest in one form or another is the surest proof of repentance, for sin is the wilful and undue obtrusion of self, and sorrow for sin necessarily takes the opposite course. Moreover, self-sacrifice is the very language of love, the only way in which it can become really articulate. Finally, just as the body (by which we mean our natural desire for physical well-being), if habitually indulged, becomes exorbitant in its demands and enslaves the spirit, so, if habitually kept in check and denied, it is more easily brought into subordination to higher designs. These obvious conclusions of reason and experience form the "disastrous and profoundly degrading heresy" of the

¹ 1 Cor. ix.

Anglican Canon and the "strange methods of spiritual exercise" of the Nonconformist reviewer. It is significant, too, that they express the burden of the teaching conveyed by the words and example of our Saviour and illustrated by the lives of all His Saints without exception. When Protestantism can produce or point to a person of heroic virtue who gained that moral eminence without bodily asceticism of one sort or another, it will be time to reconsider our estimate of the practice.

J. K.

Nature or Nurture?

When we speak of the reproduction in the young of the characteristics of their parents, as due to "heredity," what precisely do we mean? Is it that there is between them, an organic continuity, and that deep in the recesses of their being are the springs which actuate the instincts of the offspring? Or is it rather, that what parents hand on is by way of instruction or education, and that the younger generation inherits from the elder in much the same fashion as children succeed to the properties or discoveries of their sires?

The question has recently been discussed by various correspondents of the *Times*, the view that hereditary instincts are the fruit of education rather than organization being maintained by Sir E. Ray Lankester. This is pre-eminently true, he declares, of man, with the great Record of Speech possessed by him alone, though the process "began among animals with the tendency of the younger generations to imitate their parents," which "took shape in the taboos and customs of primitive man." Sir Edwin appears, in fact, to consider that to suppose the transmission of such things as instincts to be due to organic continuity is confined to such as "prefer mere speculation to scientific method."

His views have not gone unchallenged. It has been pointed out by Mr. Galton and Dr. Mercier that the theory of educability will not account for the common instance of ducklings reared by a hen, and taking immediately to the water despite the protestations of their foster-mother; or of artificially-incubated chickens which at once recognize the danger of hawks; or of worker-bees which at the proper season, of which they have had no previous experience, with one impulse fall on and massacre their brethren the drones.

To ordinary observers it will appear that examples still more cogent are furnished on all sides by living nature, to which some eminent biologists seem to think it beneath the dignity of science to pay much attention. A good instance is supplied by old Gilbert White, who relates that young vipers cut out of the body of their dam, which had presumably never before been in the open, proceeded at once to exhibit "the true viper spirit," setting themselves up and opening their jaws as if to bite, though possessing no vestige of fangs. An example quite as remarkable is that of the young cuckoo, which, straightway after hatching, while still blind and naked, proceeds to eject from the nest the young and eggs of the rightful owners, which certainly never taught it, contriving to get its back under them, and to hoist them over the edge. To say nothing of other instances scarcely less striking amongst the vertebrates,—birds, reptiles, and fish, in particular,—it is amongst the lower animals, notably amongst insects, that things are constantly done which it seems utterly impossible to attribute to anything in the way of education or instruction. It is not necessary to mention at present perhaps the most extraordinary example of all, that of the Yucca moth, which, being born simultaneously with the flower from which it derives its name, proceeds at once to perform a complicated operation which is necessary for the propagation alike of the plant and its own race.¹ The case of the hive-bee, mentioned by Mr. Galton, has already been quoted, and he also cites, without giving particulars, the dragon-fly and the silk-worm. Still more worthy of attention, and seemingly even less explicable as the result of education, are the performances of the various kinds of ichneumon-wasps. Knowing nothing whatever of their parents, how do these creatures learn to sting caterpillars, spiders, or crickets so as to paralyze without killing them, and then to store them up as food for their offspring when these shall come forth from the egg? And how do the young grubs learn so to devour their helpless victims as to avoid vital parts, and so prolong their life to the utmost?

These are but a few instances which, were there any need, might be multiplied indefinitely, but they are sufficient to justify the wonder with which we must regard such a contention as that to which Sir E. Ray Lankester has lent the weight of

¹ See THE MONTH, May, 1909; and *Evolutionary Problems*, published by the C.T.S.

his authority, and to suggest a question as to whether the method which leads to such results can claim the exclusive right to be considered "scientific."

J. G.

The Historian as Bigot.

Certain Scottish Protestants, who have nothing whatever to do with the English Royal Declaration, have been making themselves exceedingly active in advocating its retention in all its mendacity and grossness. Why they should meddle in the matter, since the King, in accordance with the separate Scottish Revolution-Settlement, has already sworn to maintain the "true Protestant religion" in that country, is not easily explained, except by supposing that their religious views have derived from John Knox a double dose of anti-Catholic virulence. On this hypothesis the false history which is the main support of the Protestant tradition, should be even more rampant in their polemical writings than it is in similar publications south of the Tweed, and so in fact we find it. We find it—to be explicit—in *Historical Notes concerning the Coronation Oaths and the Accession Declaration*, by Dr. Hay Fleming, LL.D.

We confess it is rather disconcerting to find a man of Dr. Fleming's historical reputation lending his pen to the promotion of the silliest anti-Catholic bigotry. He has been a patient and painstaking worker amongst the sources of Scottish Reformation history, and allowing for his "personal equation"—a Protestant bias of the most pronounced type—students may consult his books with profit. But in entering, in the interests of the intolerant sect he represents, upon the field of general controversy, his blind prejudice has led him into the most vulgar errors and the most unscholarly practices. He has actually quoted as authentic extracts from a document which has been shown again and again to be a forgery, and which on intrinsic grounds alone no candid student would admit as genuine. He has actually buttressed his argument with quotations from the notorious *Hungarian Confession*. It is true he shelters himself behind the authority of Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, who, in 1847, thought the document genuine, and reiterated his opinion in 1848. But much has been written since those dates,¹

¹ See, in English, "The Hungarian Confession," by Fr. S. Smith, *THE MONTH*, July and August, 1896, afterwards printed as a C.T.S. pamphlet: also article "Impostors," in the *Catholic Encyclopædia*.

on a subject which was hotly controverted even then, and it was surely the business of a writer, anxious to ascertain the truth, to make himself acquainted with the later course of the controversy, especially as he intended to use the *Confession* as the grounds of an attack upon the faith of Catholics. Far from taking this honest course, Dr. Fleming, when his attention was called to the bogus character of the document by Father Power, S.J., of Edinburgh, only slightly altered in a second edition of his pamphlet the words by which he introduced the extracts, so as to put the responsibility of them more clearly on Dr. Wordsworth. A few extracts from the *Confession* which Dr. Fleming had before him but did not quote, as they would have infallibly discredited the whole production, may be given here to show on what baseless evidence and questionable methods Protestant polemic too often relies.

Section V. We confess that the most holy Pope ought to be honoured with divine honour, and with deeper genuflexions than Christ Himself.

Section IX. We confess that every priest is much greater than the Mother of God herself, since she gave birth to the Lord Christ only once; whereas a Romish priest sacrifices and creates the Lord Christ not only when he will, but also in whatever way he will. . . .

Section XI. We confess that the Roman Pope has power to change the Scripture, and according to his will, to add to it or take from it.

Section XVII. We confess that the Holy Virgin Mary ought to be held both by angels and by men to be higher than Christ, the Son of God, Himself.

Section XIX. We confess that the bones of the saints have great power in themselves and that they ought on that account to be honoured by men. . . .

This blasphemous travesty of a Catholic Creed, the intrinsic absurdity of which is so manifest that it has long ago been given up in England even by the Protestant Alliance, is now accepted by a Scottish historian as a welcome confirmation of his religious prejudices. The fact itself is a melancholy confirmation of our often-expressed view that bigotry is a mental disease impeding the use of reason and tending also to moral obliquity. The "Knox Club," of which Dr. Hay Fleming is a Vice-President, exists, we presume, to perpetuate the principles and practices of John Knox. In the light of the above we cannot deny that it fulfils its object.

J. K.

Theism and Atheism.¹

Public discussions on religious or philosophical subjects seldom produce any result, the audience usually not having sufficient knowledge of the question to follow them with any profit. We cannot think that the one now under consideration, which was held in Essex Hall, W.C., is any exception to the rule. Few men, even of fair average scientific attainments, are likely to be able to form an opinion of any value concerning arguments based on an electrical theory of the universe, which is confusedly novel, or on a claim advanced on behalf of Professor Haeckel, who is not a physicist, to have anticipated the conclusions of the foremost experts in that branch of knowledge.

One point, however, is more easy of comprehension. Mr. McCabe, while fully acknowledging that the law of the Dissipation of Energy, as put forth by Lord Kelvin, lies at the base of the whole matter, proceeds to assert in the strongest terms that the said law must now be rejected, as being entirely given up by such authorities as Professor Karl Pearson and Sir Oliver Lodge. Of the latter he says :²

He knows perfectly well the whole controversy that has been going on since 1851 in regard to this doctrine of Kelvin. Sir Oliver Lodge rejects the whole story and tells you plainly and emphatically in his brilliant Romanes lecture in 1883 and in his other works, he tells you on every single occasion that you are not justified in believing or endorsing one single page of this Kelvin doctrine of the dissipation of energy.

But—to say nothing of the date, (which must be a clerical error for which Mr. McCabe is not responsible, since he had no opportunity of revising the proof), for there were no Romanes Lectures before 1892, and that given by Sir Oliver Lodge was in 1903,—it must be observed that in this “brilliant” lecture he did not so much as mention the dissipation of energy, while of “his other works,” that in which we might naturally look, namely, *Life and Matter*, while it is equally silent on this point, is by its very title expressly directed *against* the doctrine of Professor Haeckel, who would endow the ultimate elements of matter, with sensation and will, albeit of an unconscious kind, whatever this may mean.

¹ *Report of a Debate on Theism and the Problem of the Universe, between Mr. G. W. de Tunzelmann and Mr. Joseph McCabe.* London and Manchester : Sherratt and Hughes. Pp. 55. 1910.

² P. 32.

It is, of course, rather ludicrous to find such a person as Mr. McCabe curtly dismissing "Kelvin" in such a fashion—but, if he really means to maintain that a proposition accepted by the whole of the scientific world is to be abandoned, as he says—he will take his place beyond the pale of science with circle-squarers and perpetual-motion men.

J. G.

Frazerism.

There is much no doubt to be said in condemnation of that age of the world when every scholar who had a difference of opinion with another—let us say for example Milton or Salmasius—at once set to work to rend his rival to pieces, to strip away any shred of decency which veiled his private life, to defile the ashes of his parents and to vilify every living soul belonging to him. It is very terrible, almost sickening, to read any of the more famous diatribes of that period; but after all the contest seems generally to have been regarded as a kind of game, and the principle that hard words break no bones was pretty clearly understood and accepted by both sides. On the whole we believe that some of the literary amenities prevalent in our own day are quite as unlovely, and in particular that unfathomable arrogance of tone which belongs by pre-eminence to the writings of Dr. J. G. Frazer, the folklorist, and which we have ventured to describe as Frazerism. It is a tone which unfortunately seems to be imitated by his admirers, and by all those who are persuaded that emancipation of thought and wild speculation upon the origins of religion are convertible terms. If these gentlemen—or ladies—were content to advance their reasons, as any ordinarily modest person would do about a historical question on which argument was possible, no one would quarrel with the unexpectedness of their conclusions. But dealing usually with matters as to which evidence is entirely lacking they are content for the most part with calm assertion. A letter recently addressed to the *Times* by Miss Jane Harrison of Newnham upon the alphabet ceremony in the dedication of a church, affords a brilliant example of the spirit upon which we are commenting. She does not pretend to *prove* that the writing of the alphabet is a survival of primitive magic, it is enough that she, Miss Jane Harrison, should say so. Of course it is conceivable that this may really be the truth. One does not expect the earth to

open and swallow Miss Harrison up for the audacity of such a suggestion. But anyone who has read anything about the *Abracadabra* or *Abraxas* knows the obscurity in which the whole subject is involved. Meanwhile instead of proving her point or showing any consciousness that she could be expected to give reasons, though they were as plentiful as blackberries, Miss Harrison sneers elaborately at Sir George Birdwood, whose age and many services to oriental learning might surely have purchased him exemption, she sneers at the ceremonial and the missionary work of the Catholic Church, and as her one contribution to the facts of the case she advances an abandoned derivation of the word *elementum* for which no modern philologist can find a word to say.

H. T.

Reviews.

I.—GREEK RELIGION.¹

THE fact that two great Paris houses, MM. Beauchesne and Lethielleux, each find it worth their while to bring out, concurrently, a *Bibliothèque* of The History of Religions—indeed, the volumes which have appeared or are in active preparation almost coincide in subject—is very significant; and we are so delighted to see that French Catholics are getting thoroughly expert yet sufficiently popular literature upon this most modern and important of topics, that we are less inclined to regret that a combination of writers was not arrived at. Yet so a wider ground would have been covered with less expense of time and talent than is here devoted to traversing a more restricted area twice. However, Lethielleux has produced the *Religions of Non-civilized Folks*, of *Ancient Egypt*, and *Ancient Greece*, and the *Religious Doctrines of the Greek Philosophers*; *Buddha and Buddhism* (by the same author who has written *Opinions upon Buddhism* for the Beauchesne Series, and *Buddhism* for the Catholic Truth Society Lectures), the *Religions of Rome*, *Gallic Celts*, and *American Indians*, are in active preparation.

¹ *La Religion de la Grèce Antique.* Par O. Habert, Professeur au Grand Séminaire de Meaux. Paris: Lethielleux. Pp. xxiii, 528. Price, 4 fr. 1910.

M. Habert's *Greek Religion* is of unique importance, and covers the whole ground which, in England, Miss J. E. Harrison, Dr. Farnell, Dr. Frazer, and a few others, have been dealing with.

After an excellent and pointed Introduction by M. A. Dufourcq, of Bordeaux, the book falls into a triple division. The first epoch, that of "Nature-worship," includes a discussion of survivals, in Greek worship, from the earliest, "uncivilized" worship of stones, pillars, trees, and the like. Totemism and taboo come in for that subordinate amount of treatment than which, despite the gallant efforts of M. S. Reinach and his school, we cannot allot them more. Already foreign influences have to be reckoned with—those of the Veda, of the once all-sufficing Phœnician connection (M. Habert is no devoted disciple of M. Bérard here), and of the Semites generally. This part of the book concludes with a survey of the Cretan cults, and of the Anatolian worships of a more localized character. Thus we get introduced to some, at least, of the divinities whom Greek mythology has made familiar to us.

Their full development is dealt with in the second part—the period of "Anthropomorphism"—in which Homer and Hesiod are discussed, and where the material is far less novel and correspondingly less interesting.

The period of "Purification" will interest most of all those who seek in the history of ancient religions not mere information, food for curiosity, literary ornament, but who are eager to watch the evolution of religious sense and practice beneath those "psychological and social laws" which we are now-a-days so eager to formulate, and which, the Editors assure us, are constantly appealed to, or looked for, by the writers in this series. The purifying current (together with which exists the normal popular movement of crystallization and elaboration) set mainly in the directions of rationalism and of mysticism, the former, as readers of Mr. Bury will remember, saving Greece from the disastrous destiny of unchecked "otherworldliness." It was, however, in the Mysteries, and especially in Orphism, that Greek religion ministered most directly to those essential needs of the soul which find their fullest recognition and satisfaction in Christianity.

With an illuminating comparison between the old and new, M. Habert concludes his most valuable book. When we reflect that for centuries the Church thought, and prayed, and wrote almost exclusively in Greek, and that Greece supplied so

much of her technical terminology, and that many of her sorest wounds were largely due to the ignorance of Greek on the part of her Western officials, we realize how uniquely important is a clear comprehension of the Greek religious and philosophical background of our history.

2.—THE UNION OF THE CHURCHES.¹

The Abbate Franco, who describes himself as a (Uniat) priest of the Greek rite, makes an appeal in this little book to the members of the Orthodox and other separated Oriental communions, to consider the question of reunion with the Holy See in the light of resistance to the forces of Anti-clericalism, which are threatening the very existence of Christianity in all its forms. How, he asks, can this serious danger be averted unless the entire forces of Christendom are united in repelling it, and how can they ever hope to be reunited save under the headship of the Apostolic See? "Even without the support of the Oriental Church, the Catholic Church has kept up to the present day a power of resistance to the enemies of Jesus Christ in every part of the world, a result which is clearly attributable to the authoritative direction it receives from the See of Rome." "On the other hand, what power of resistance," the author asks, "has been offered by the Ecumenical Patriarchate, which, so far from being able to present a united front to the foe, has during all this critical period of struggle been suffering from a crisis fatal to its authority over the other Patriarchs, and the national churches styled autocephalous?" This Ecumenical Patriarchate, to give it the title in which it glories, has been the victim of the fallacious principle on which, ever since the days of Chalcedon, it has sought to exalt itself at the expense of the Papacy. The Roman Empire had in those days two heads, symbolized by the two-headed eagle, one in the West, the other in the East, and so, too, there should be two Patriarchs, one at Old Rome for the Western Churches, the other at Constantinople for the Eastern Churches, each equal to the other and independent in its jurisdiction over its own part of the world—though to the Roman See, on account of its greater antiquity, must be conceded the primacy of honour. That was all very

¹ *La Dipsa del Cristianesimo, par l'Unione delle Chiese.* Per Nicola Franco, sacerdote di rito greco. Roma: Bretschneider. Pp. 227. Prezzo, 2.50 lire. 1910.

well for the time, but eventually other Eastern Sees came to feel that they too could invoke the principle for their own schemes of self-exaltation at the expense of Constantinople. The Patriarchate of Antioch had not forgotten its foundation by St. Peter, and the high position accorded to it in consequence by the ancient Church. So it has proclaimed its independence of Constantinople, and "at least on the last two occasions has acted on it in the election of its Patriarchs." The same course, says the author, is likely to be taken soon by the Orthodox Patriarchs of Jerusalem and Alexandria, in which the Greco-Arabic section of the Orthodox communities are in strife with the Hellenic section that has the support of the Ecumenical Patriarch. Even in the provinces of what was once its own more immediate jurisdiction its authority, as distinguished from a bare pre-eminence in honour, is being steadily undermined. In the Balkan Peninsula there are constant quarrels, to the disturbance of civil peace, raging between the Patriarchists and the Exarchists, whilst Russia, Greece, Roumania, Servia and Montenegro, the Oriental Church of Austria-Hungary, and even that of the Hellenic Kingdom, have all taken the same course of proclaiming their entire independence. "It is, in short, not any longer the Latin world which rejects the ecumenical authority of Byzantium, but the entire Orthodox world which has likewise risen up against it; how then can it be converted into an active centre for the defence of Christendom?"

Nor is this condition of internal cleavage the only weakness under which the Orthodox Church labours.

A mania has seized the young clergy and the young laity for resorting to the Universities of Berlin, Vienna, Monaco, Paris, Oxford, Cambridge, and other centres of European learning, for the study not merely of profane, but even of ecclesiastical sciences. When these young people return to their respective countries, they bring back with them Protestant or Rationalistic opinions, notwithstanding which, some of them are raised to grades in the Ecclesiastical hierarchy, and others obtain professorships in the Theological Faculties of local Universities. From these posts of vantage they show their zeal for their own Church by attacking the Catholic Church and the Papacy—as do the Protestants and Rationalists in Europe—but under the shelter of this hostility to the Papacy, they spread also errors contrary to the articles of the faith common to the two Churches in regard to the Sacraments and mysteries of Christianity.

Such is the present situation of the dissident Churches of the East, at least in outline, and the author in the course of his book fills up the outline with many interesting details concerning the division of opinion and sentiment, the rivalry of interests, the difficulties to be overcome, the methods to pursue, the hopes that may be cherished. Throughout he leaves the impression that he has a clear insight into the complexities of the Reunion problem, and he knows how to write with both moderation and sympathy. What he desires is to promote an apostolate on the part of Westerns and Easterns for the advance of the good cause, particularly by making it clear to those sections of the Orthodox whose good faith is undoubted, the importance of reunion, the true disposition of the Holy See towards them, and the compatibility of submission to its authority with the retention of their ancient rites. He recognizes that the process of disillusionment must take a long time, but he does not regard it as hopeless. The key to the position is Russia; if she could be gained over, the other patriarchates would quickly follow. In an Appendix he has an instructive essay on the history of the Taking of Constantinople, and the part played in it by the schismatics as distinguished from those reunited at Florence.

3.—JOAN THE MAID.¹

It is some consolation, in an age when the charity of many has grown cold, to note the almost universal admiration which the saintly character of the recently-beatified Maid of France has evoked. The public conscience has not yet become so dulled by self-indulgence or sophisticated by false ideals that it cannot respond to the appeal made to it by stainless purity and heroic loyalty. And when these virtues are found in a young maiden of the peasant class, coupled with the more ordinary qualities of personal courage, cheerfulness, simplicity, and common-sense, even the worldling turns from his self-worship to bestow his admiration. Joan of Arc could not read or write: she had less "education" in the modern sense than the gutter-child of twelve: but if education really means such

¹ *Life Lessons from Blessed Joan of Arc.* By Father Bernard Vaughan, S.J. With a Preface by the Archbishop of Westminster. London: George Allen and Sons. Pp. xvi, 142. Price, 3s. 6d. net. 1910.

a development of character as enables its possessor to fulfil the Christian duty of loving and serving God and man, who can deny that essential culture to the saviour of France? She was educated, because she was a good Catholic, and, apart altogether from her more extraordinary endowments, such as her communications with the unseen, and her preternatural skill in war, she presents to our gaze the natural outcome of the Christian ideal faithfully carried out. In other words, religion, not book-learning, made her what she was, and this is the one element which our modern educationists are, consciously or unconsciously, trying to thrust out of school-life! This, and many other valuable lessons which the career of Blessed Joan exemplifies, have been admirably developed in Father Vaughan's lectures. The whole theme is excellently adapted for treatment by a preacher who is also an orator. The picturesque incidents of that short and wonderful life are told in glowing language, and marshalled with great skill so as to illustrate the hidden, unchanging principles which guided it. Especially apposite to these troubled times is a point, emphasized both by the lecturer and by the Archbishop in his Preface, viz., that woman in the new and unwonted careers that she is entering or aiming at, has need, after the example of the "Matchless Maid," sedulously to safeguard what is peculiarly her own, and what gives her her power and her charm.

The book is beautifully bound and printed, and is adorned with many illustrations, some in colour, by Gaston Bussière and others. Both its subject and its material aspect make it the ideal of a prize-book.

4.—A DICTIONARY OF APOLOGETICS.¹

In the fourth *fascicule* of his new and transformed edition of Jaughey, the Abbé d'Alés takes us from the middle of a long article on *Dieu* to the middle of a long one on *Église*. These, with the article on *Dogme*, are the longest and most important in the *fascicule*, but there are also articles which will be welcomed on *Dimanche*, *Divorce des Princes et l'Église*, *Droit divin des Rois*, *Droit du Seigneur*, and *Duel*. In *Divorce des Princes et l'Église*, are examined the chief historical cases in which the

¹ Dictionnaire Apologétique de la Foi Catholique. Sous la direction de A. d'Alés, Professeur à l'Institut de Paris. Fasc. iv. Dieu—Eglise. Paris: Beauchesne. Fp. 962—1279. Price, 5.00 fr. 1910.

Church authorities, in spite of their protests to the contrary, are charged with having sanctioned divorce when pressed to it by persons in power, though they have tried to save their face by calling the process by another name. But in every one of these cases, which are those of Lothaire II. and Teutberga, Philip Augustus and Ingeburga, Louis XII. and Jeanne de Valois, Henry IV. and Marguerite de Valois, Napoleon I. and Josephine, the action of the Holy See was sound, though in some the conduct of the local Bishops was reprehensible. Thus, Louis XII. unquestionably went through the marriage ceremony under the compulsion of fear in the days of Louis XI., the father of the bride, who though she was a saint was a cripple and of unsightly appearance, nor was the marriage ever consummated. Now, by the law of the Church, a marriage contracted in grave fear is invalid, whilst one not consummated can be dissolved by Papal power. That Alexander VI. was the Pope under whom this happened does not affect the justice of the sentence of nullity given, though in other respects his intervention was as unscrupulous as might be expected of him. As for Napoleon's marriage with Josephine, it may be that the decree of nullity pronounced was nugatory. But it must be remembered that, whereas questions affecting the marriages of sovereigns are by the Canon Law reserved to the Holy See, in this case, Pius VII. being in captivity, the decision was given by the Officiality of Paris, to whom, therefore, the blame is due if the causes alleged for nullity—of which the principal was that Napoleon declared he had never given consent in the second marriage ceremony—whilst the original ceremony violated the decree of clandestinity. Altogether, this is a useful and opportune article; the author of it is Abbé de la Servière. From the article on *Droit divin des Rois*, the reader may learn in what sense a divine right of Kings is recognized by Catholic theologians, in what sense it is not recognized. The Abbé G. de la Brière's article on *Église* is quite up to date, and pays special attention to the theories of M. Harnack, M. Sabatier, and M. Loisy. Distinguishing between the theological and the apologetic method of treating the subject, it confines itself, in keeping with the character of the *Dictionnaire*, to the apologetic, and traces historically the gradual evolution of the conception of an organized Church from the commencement to the time of St. Irenæus. M. Pinard's article on *Dogme* is exhaustive. It is likewise historical, not theological, in its treat-

ment of the subject, and is a vindication of the Catholic notion of Dogma against the Modernists and others. In dealing with the question of development it treats it with special reference to the theories of Newman, Franzelin, and Blondel.

M. Garrigou-Lagrange's article on *Dieu* will, we fear, repel most readers by the abstract character of its arguments. Modern thinkers are beset with the notion that any array of proofs for the existence of God should, if it is to do its work, be such as to appeal to the heart in the first place, and so be as concrete as possible. But M. Garrigou-Lagrange is quite right. If there are those who crave for concrete arguments, and feel the need of none others to complete them, they are persons whose thinking is not really solid. We must penetrate into the abstract if we desire to be thoroughly rational, and, if we are prepared for a severe but indispensable discipline of thinking, we could not have a better guide into these abstract regions than the author of this article. He is a rigid follower of St. Thomas, and relies on his four arguments for the existence of God, or rather his four varieties of the one argument from causality. But these he sifts with the utmost thoroughness, and defends against objectors from every side, from Kant, from Mill, from Hébert, from Bergson, and Boutroux. M. d'Alés is to be congratulated on having secured the collaboration of the authors of these three magisterial articles on *Dieu*, on *Dogme*, and on *Eglise*. The whole *fascicule* is good, but why does it not include an article, and a sufficiently full article, on *Divorce*, seeing how important that question is for present-day Apologetics?

5—CHRISTIAN POSITIVISM.¹

M. Godard is one of the little band of converts from the ranks of distinguished French writers, and he writes for those who still think as he did formerly. Two-thirds of the multitude of French *incroyants* he believes to be in good faith, and capable of being convinced of the truth of Catholicism, if only it be rightly presented to them.

Unfortunately the Church is deficient in apostles who have begun in unbelief, and so there is an ever-increasing misunderstanding between

¹ *Etudes de Philosophie et de Critique religieuse. Le Positivisme religieux.* Par André Godard. Paris: Bloud et Cie. Pp. 373. Price, 3.50 fr. 1910.

the priests and the modern upholders of negation, the priests too often neglecting irrefutable proofs and insisting on such arguments as the constancy of the martyrs, which will never convert any one.

Accordingly M. Godard invites those *incroyants* who are in good faith to follow him along the path which he calls Christian Positivism.

The time has come [he says] for a return to the way pointed out by Joseph de Maistre and Père Gratry, and to turn back against naturalism its own artillery of the sciences. We must employ extensively the inductive method, seek in experience those moral laws which are the foundation of spiritualism, call attention to their independent parallelism with the laws of general physiology; investigate certain supra-normal phenomena which have been alleged as incompatible with dogma but in reality confirm it; recognize that all psychological and moral laws find only in Christianity their sufficient explanation, their plenitude and harmony; prove from history that there has never been more than one religion of which all other theogonies are but corrupted forms.

We have not seen the original edition which came out some years ago, and so cannot say how far it differed from this which has been "augmented and entirely revised." But we learn from the publisher's circular that MM. Brunetière and Coppée thought highly of it, whilst M. Charles Vincent signalized it as "marking the greatest progress in apologetics that had been made in a whole half-century." This, as coming from such a source, is indeed high praise, but though the book has excellent points which must be what have won for it these commendations, we regret not to be able to endorse them without qualification. To the "positive" method followed we are far from objecting, so long as it does not claim to exclude altogether the method of rational inference, but merely to sit by its side, and be more suitable for certain classes of minds. Both indeed, and both together, are essential and both have been always employed, though the positive method has not hitherto been so richly cultivated as it is now, and is exploited in M. Godard's pages. Where this writer lays himself open to serious criticism is in his endeavour to be too encyclopædic. *Non omnia possumus omnes*, and M. Godard has pronounced on subjects which he cannot have properly studied. For instance, he has a chapter on the Darwinian method, and says about it some good things, but clearly he does not understand its

essential features. He lays down the recognized fact that there can be no hybridization between *genera*, but only between *species*. Then, he exclaims, how absurd to suppose that there could be interbreeding between animal forms of different *orders*, as between a gold-finch and a goose, still less between a bird and a fish—adding that this “last hypothesis may raise a smile, but not on the lips of the Darwinian who traces our descent to some gelatinous *medusa* abandoned in some bay of the primitive world; for it is not enough to suppress God in order to give us a monkey for our ancestor, we must find an ancestor for the monkey?” Such misplaced criticism of a generally-known theory is perfectly hopeless. And what will those who have some elementary knowledge of Egyptology say to the statement that “Champollion has avenged Moses, as the excavators at Troy have done justice to Homer”? Egyptology has indeed brought to light facts that testify in favour of many of the topographical and archaeological allusions in the Pentateuch, but so far it has discovered not a single trace of the story itself of the Israelite captivity in Egypt. It is rash, too, to claim so confidently a clear agreement between the succession of stages physical and biological in the Bible story of Creation, and that of Laplace and the geologists. And the attempt to construct an argument for the verity of Divine Providence from calamities that have fallen on the guilty and innocent alike in times and places where iniquity has abounded, is surely not calculated to impress the class for whom M. Godard writes, or even well-instructed Catholics who have not so learnt to trace the hand of Providence in the course of events.

These are specimens of defects which rather spoil the book, but there is much in it that is very valuable. In his discussion of supernormal phenomena, as he calls them, and in his exposure of the hollowness and irrationality of the prevalent forms of worldliness and irreligion, his criticisms are luminous. Of style he is a recognized master.

Short Notices.

IT is a good sign that a second edition of Madame Cecilia's **Retreat Manual** (Burns and Oates, 2s.) should be called for. No one at all anxious about God's service but feels that "the world is too much with us." Only by the Catholic discipline of periodical retreats, be they only for a day, can our souls effectually make head against the persistent seduction of things of sense. Madame Cecilia's Handbook is admirably adapted to assist souls to a true knowledge of themselves, and of the dangers that surround them.

The example of the single-minded devotion of Cardinal Vaughan to the interests of God has lately been put before us in his *Life*. That devotion was nowhere more manifested than in the great work for Foreign Missions which he established at Mill Hill, and he would have been delighted to see the volume—**Our Lord's Last Will and Testament: Thoughts on Foreign Missions** (Washbourne, 1s. net)—which a member of his community has adapted from the German of Father Fischer. The object of the book is to set forth the divine intention as expressed by our Lord before His Ascension in the words—"Go ye and teach all nations," and to bring home to the individual Catholic his responsibilities in this regard. Practical Catholicism should imply such a love for the faith and appreciation of the privilege of possessing it as to move the possessor to do all that is possible to spread it. No one whose faith is not dead or dying will be able to read this volume, full of details of the whitening harvests of the world, without feeling some stirrings of apostolic zeal. There is no doubt that, for one reason or another, Catholics in these islands, have become "insular" in other senses as well. Their contributions to Foreign Missions in 1906—the last statistics quoted—were under one halfpenny a head! We trust this book will be widely read and discussed.

The Liturgical Year historically explained and a Key to the Missal for the use of the Laity (Art and Book Co., 6d. net), by Father Thaddeus, O.F.M., is a long title for a very small book, and sufficiently indicates its contents. It is a convenient summary, written with full knowledge of the spirit of the Church in her annual round of festivals.

Everyone who has had experience of children must have noticed how powerfully the prospect of a reward in the immediate future acts as a stimulus to effort. This is the chief function of the virtue of hope, which, by keeping before our eyes the reward to come, enables us to face and conquer the difficulties of this life. In **Heavenwards** (Burns and Oates, 3s. 6d. net) Mother Loyola, with that abundance of practical illustration and that sane spiritual outlook which characterizes all her writings, shows how hope is meant to enter into and colour all our lives, providing us with motives not only for exertion but also for endurance, and acting as a standard by which to reduce to their true proportions both the joys and sorrows of life. Clearly, it makes all the difference in our view of things whether we consider that

we have here an abiding city or not. By hope we practically anticipate our eternal inheritance; the assured prospect of riches makes us already rich. The spiritual counsels of this little book, if taken to heart, would do much to make life happier, and we trust it may meet with the success it deserves.

We know of no better treatment, in the like compass, of the great economic question that Father J. J. Welch's **Socialism, Individualism and Catholicism** (Sands, 6d. net.), which enunciates with great lucidity the main evils of modern industrial conditions, their sources, and the remedies, true and false, proposed by Catholicism and Socialism respectively. It is a pamphlet to be widely read and distributed. We have only one fault to find in it and that is that Father Welch does not explicitly recognize the existence of a large class, especially outside the Church, who aim at reconciling (or confounding) Christianity with Socialism, and who would therefore resent some of his strictures. A word of explanation to these misguided people would have been useful.

The false theory of mysticism which goes by the name of Quietism has now-a-days mainly an historical interest. Orthodox mystics are few enough in this age, and the corrupters of the system probably fewer still. However, *Qu'est-ce que le Quétisme* (Bloud, 1.20 fr.), by the Abbé J. Paquier, of the Paris Institut Catholique, is valuable as a searching doctrinal study of a subtle spiritual malady which infected many lofty minds in its time, especially as it is made the occasion of establishing the true conception of mysticism by way of contrast.

Against an unscrupulous majority bent on injustice and deaf to appeals to conscience, the minority can only protest and continue protesting. At any rate, such protests will remain to prove that judgment did not go by default, that the motives of the persecutors were recognized by their contemporaries, their pretensions exposed and their excuses demolished. French Catholics under their present anti-Christian government have not failed in this duty at any rate, and none of them has been more active with voice and pen than the veteran Comte Albert de Mun. His two volumes entitled *Combats d'hier et d'aujourd'hui* (Lethielleux, 8.00 fr.), contain his various criticisms of the French Government's action from 1900 to 1907, the first concerning *La défense des Congrégations et des Ecoles libres*, and the second commenting on *Les Lendemain de Séparation*; together they form a scathing series of judgments, the more formidable because proceeding from one in whom are combined experience, learning, and eloquence in a remarkable degree. But the Government's tongue will only be thrust more cynically into the Government's cheek: if eloquence and logic could kill, they would have been dead long ago. The Count is occupied, besides, in these volumes with the domestic politics of French Catholics, especially with their social action, on which depends, humanly speaking, the survival of Christianity in the Republic. Here, too, he speaks from full knowledge, and, happily, with much greater effect.

It is strange to find so thoroughly English a production as Dame Juliana's Revelations translated into French, but the feat has been accomplished by a Benedictine monk of Farnborough, and French readers have now the opportunity, in the *Révélation de l'Amour de Dieu* (Oudin, 3.75 fr.), of making the acquaintance of the humble English mystic who passed the greater part of her long life of 100 years (1343—1443), in a cell in the churchyard of St. Julian's, Norwich. The pious enthusiasm of the translator, who has done his work with great skill, has included in the volume a detailed plan of old Norwich (A.D. 1300), which shows the exact

site of Mother Juliana's "anchorage." An account of this holy mystic, who wrote her sixteen revelations in the year 1373, may be found in *THE MONTH* for January and March, 1900; here it may be said that her whole theme was the love of God, the wonders of which she endeavoured to convey from her own experience in the visions vouchsafed to her. The translator has added useful notes here and there, correcting inexact expressions or limiting those which are too unqualified, and moreover has quoted passages from other mystical writers, by way of parallel or contrast. We trust that the book will have all the success it deserves amongst French Catholics.

The second volume of Father A. Vermeersch's **Meditations and Instructions on the Blessed Virgin** (Washbourne: 3s. 6d. net.), translated by W. H. Page, has lately been published. It contains meditations for each Saturday in the year and a Supplementary Part which comprises meditations on the Holy Ghost and various movable feasts. All these devout little essays are solidly founded on the dogma of the Church and, whilst they miss no point of our Lady's incomparable holiness, they do not weary us with mere verbiage nor startle us with any extravagance. These two volumes should be in every Sodalist's library.

The Church of England has lately been engaged, in the columns of the *Times* and elsewhere, in the perennial discussion as to whether she is Protestant or Catholic. It is a relief to turn from that hazy logomachy to the plain blunt truth set forth in Father Coupe's **Continuity** (Washbourne, 3d.). Here the lecturer does not mince matters, but by an overwhelming collection of evidence shows the complete breach in corporate existence and in doctrine which was effected in England by the "reformation" of the ancient Church. The facts are skillfully handled, and the verdict must be accepted by all who have not lost the faculty of weighing evidence.

When we have said that there is plenty of adventure of the Jules Verne kind in **By Aeroplane to the Sun** (The Century Press: 6s.), by D. W. Horner, we have nearly exhausted all there is to be said in praise of it. Literary skill, development of character, ingenuity of plot, there is none: only a certain scientific atmosphere which will interest boys, and a bewildering succession of extraordinary incidents which will please them.

The latest C.T.S. penny pamphlets include **Science and the Evolution of Man**, by A. Edward Proctor, a useful exposure of what passes for science amongst Haeckel and his English popularizers: **Pope Pius X. on Social Reform**, edited with introduction by Mgr. Parkinson, and showing that the present Holy Father is no less keen on the reconstruction of society than his predecessor, whose teaching he summarizes and confirms: **Celtic Religion**, by John MacNeill, the lecture required to make the whole four volumes on the History of Religions, which we hope to review later, complete, and two collections of pleasing tales, called **A Sheaf of Stories**, by Joseph Carmichael.

A very praiseworthy and earnest lecture in defence of the religious education as the basis of morality is that entitled **Education, Religious or Moral?** by G. E. Hodgson, D.Litt. (Bristol: W. C. Hemmons, 1d.). It was read to the Clifton Branch of the E.C.U. on March 8, 1910, and is published as the first of "All Saints," Clifton, pamphlets. The lecturer states clearly and fairly the views and aims of the Moral Education League, and points out that the vital thing in morality is wanting to their system—a motive, that is, to touch and move the will effectively into obedience to the moral law. Only religion, she argues, can provide this essential motive

power; and the argument is sound, supported, too, by many apt citations from the best thinkers of our day.

A Belgian Franciscan, Père Odon de Ribemont, has published a brochure—*La Langue Auxiliare et l'Eglise*—in which, after showing how useful to the Universal Church would be a universal language and how actively its promotion is being advocated by ecclesiastics, he reasons forcibly for the adoption of the reformed "Esperanto" which goes by the name of "Ido." His argument seems a sound one, viz., that a living language cannot be stereotyped and that the only way to prevent national innovations in a universal tongue is to make higher internationality and greater simplicity the only objects in any change. The author (Maison Saint-Roch, Couvin, Belgique), will supply the pamphlet free to any applicant.

Without believing with Matthew Arnold that religion is essentially or necessarily "culture," we may wish well to such an institution as the *National Home Reading Union*, which came of age this summer and the object of which is "to originate and guide continuous attractive and educative home-reading among all classes, whether individually or in associated 'circles.'" Two publications dealing with the Union have reached us—*The Faculty of Reading* (Cambridge University Press, 1s. net), by George Radford, M.A., which gives a detailed history of the origin and growth of the idea, and *Our Inheritance* (Cambridge University Press, 6d. net.), by Miss C. Linklater Thomson, which is a summary sketch of our treasures of literature.

The Annual Report of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul for 1909, shows that the development of this good work, if slow, is fairly regular. All the present activity amongst Catholics in social work should, one would think, be reflected in increased interest in this Society which has for main object the alleviation of the spiritual and temporal needs of the poor.

The Preston Catholic Club seems to be an organization of much vigour, for in addition to the usual club activities, it supports a debating Society and a quarterly Magazine. The latter, which alone calls for notice here, is an excellently got-up periodical, and not only chronicles the doings of the Club, but devotes itself to local history and aims successfully at instructing Catholic thought on various questions of politics and literature.

In February of last year *THE MONTH* published an interesting article on Father Gonçalo da Silveira, S.J., the proto-martyr of south-eastern Africa, the process of whose Beatification has been begun at Rome. Now there appears a biography of the holy missionary—*The Life of the Venerable Gonçalo da Silveira, S.J.* (Manresa Press, 2s. 6d.), by Hubert Chadwick, S.J., which we trust will do much to further his cause. He was a Portuguese of noble birth who succeeded St. Francis Xavier as Provincial of India before passing to the land for which he gave his life. The writer has made the most of rather scanty materials, and has drawn a clear and attractive picture of an heroic figure—one seemingly predestined to martyrdom from his first entrance into religious life. Much new information also is given regarding the early history and customs of Portuguese East Africa and the region about the Zambesi. Mr. Chadwick has used his authorities with great discrimination and has corrected a good many errors regarding the career of Father da Silveira. His book is a valuable contribution to the secular as well as the ecclesiastical history of South-Eastern Africa.

Messrs. Burns and Oates have issued a pleasing souvenir of the Consecration of Westminster Cathedral, in the shape of a packet of fourteen picture post-cards, giving details of the building and the ceremony, and priced at 1s.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice).

- ALLEN AND SONS, London.
Life Lessons from Blessed Joan of Arc. By Father Bernard Vaughan, S.J. Pp. xvi, 141. Price, 3s. 6d. net. 1910.
- THE ANGELUS COMPANY, London.
The Little Book of Eternal Wisdom. By Blessed Henry Suso. Pp. 163. Price, 2s. net. 1910.
- FROM THE AUTHOR.
Vitae Monachorum, etc. Edited by Dr. P. Maurus Kinter, O.S.B. Pp. xiii, 172, xxiii. 1908.
- BLOUD ET CIE., Paris.
Genèse et Science. By Dr. L. Arnaudet. Pp. 139. 1910.
- BURNS AND OATES, Ltd., London.
The Spirit of St. Francis de Sales. By Bishop Camus. New Edition. Pp. xii, 510. Price, 6s. 1910. *The Higher Criticism of Isaiah.* By Rev. G. Hitchcock, D.D. Pp. 142. Price, 4s. 6d. net. 1910. *Picture Post-Cards* representing the Consecration of Westminster Cathedral (14). Price, 1s. *Heavenwards* By Mother Mary Loyola. Pp. xiii, 269. Price, 3s. 6d. net. 1910. *Modernism.* By Cardinal Mercier. Translated by Marian Lindsay. Pp. 56. Price, 2s. net. 1910.
- CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS.
The Faculty of Reading. By George Radford. Pp. 89. Price, 1s. net. 1910. *Our Inheritance.* By C. L. Thomson. Pp. 40. Price, 6d. net. 1910. *The Philosophy and Psychology of Pietro Pomponazzi.* By A. H. Douglas. Pp. x, 316. Price, 7s. 6d. net. 1910.
- CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London.
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